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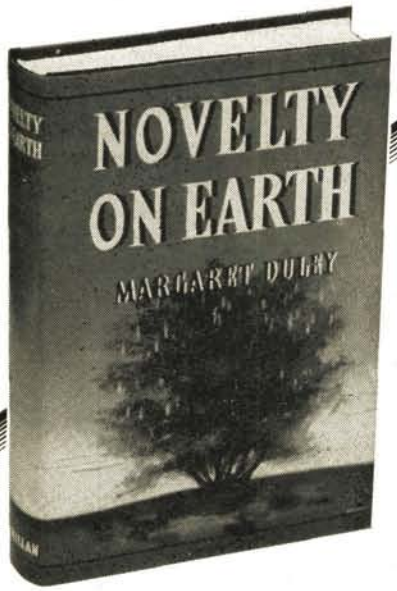

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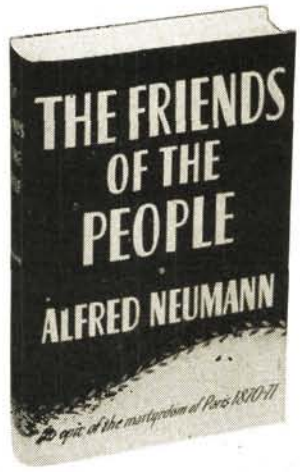

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THE SOUTHWEST: A CULTURAL INVENTORY

The Saturday Review of Literature

THIS is the first of a series of special issues which have as their goal a cultural inventory of America. The series, to appear in alternate months, is projected in the belief that one of the most significant developments in recent years has been the growing importance of regional America, using the word "regional" in the sense of the numberless influences—geographical, traditional, economic, and all the rest—which, like soil deposits, leave their traces if not distinguishing characteristics upon a people and their self-expression. As such, regionalism has always been important in America, but one of the retarding factors in its growth and recognition can perhaps be traced to the fact that many American writers and artists have been in the habit of looking outside America for much of their subject matter and even their intellectual nourishment.

In recent years, however, especially under the pressure of its struggle for the preservation of all that its democratic creed holds precious, America seems to have become introspective. On the one hand, it has become aware that its affairs could never be considered apart from those of the rest of the world, and on the other hand, it has begun to examine its resources and liabilities with a new sense of appreciation and responsibility.

The approach of The Saturday Review, in keeping with the spirit of a general stock-taking and sampling, will be through a series of special issues focussing on our regional resources. We think the people best capable of editing such issues are the regional writers and critics themselves, much as they dislike the word "regional" (it will be noted that there is almost a conscious effort to avoid the word in the following pages!). We are therefore turning over the magazine to the first of our regional editors, John H. McGinnis and Lon Tinkle of The Southwest Review, The Dallas News book page, and Southern Methodist University.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

John H. McGinnis, editor of this issue, has been the editor since 1927 of *The Southwest Review,* and the literary editor of *The Dallas News* since 1923. He is professor of English at Southern Methodist University. Assisting him as editor of this issue is **Lon Tinkle,** of the faculty of Southern Methodist University, who has recently joined Mr. McGinnis in editing the book page of *The Dallas News.*

Some six or eight years ago the succession of books appearing from the University of Oklahoma Press began to draw wide attention by reason of the quality of their scholarship and the general interest which despite their regional character marked the publications. So excellent was the publishing done by **Joseph A. Brandt,** director of the Press, that before long he had won national recognition. The Princeton University Press, then in need of a head, drew him to the East and there Mr. Brandt remained as its director until last year the University of Oklahoma called him to its presidency. A Rhodes scholar, Mr. Brandt began his career on the *Tulsa Tribune* from which he went in only two steps to his present position of responsibility.

One of that group of scholars on whom Kittredge of Harvard put his indelible impress, **John Lee Brooks** has carried his interest in folk-lore and the ballad to his teaching in Texas. His courses in those subjects lend distinction to Southern Methodist College of whose English staff he is a member.

Oil and literature mix well in the case of **E. L. De Golyer,** who has found time to make a specialty of both. An engineer and oil producer who has won numerous scientific awards and who is a past president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, Mr. De Golyer, is at present working with the Bureau of Petroleum Coördination in Washington. He is also a prominent book collector. Of particular note is his library of works on the Southwest.

The reputation of **J. Frank Dobie** as a professor of English has penetrated far beyond the confines of his own state and of the University of Texas where his course, Life and Literature of the Southwest, attracts hundreds of students. He is, too, a prolific author who has had a national public for his numerous books of which "Coronado's Children," "Tales of the Monte," and "The Longhorns" are among the best known. Mr. Dobie has for the present put aside his writing as relatively unimportant in view of the war.

Though **Paul Horgan's** name is now definitely associated with the Southwest and with the New Mexico Military Institute of which he is librarian, his first literary success was won with "The Fault of Angels," a novel the scene of which was laid in Rochester, N. Y., and which deals with music and musicians. Mr. Horgan has recently completed a new novel, and at present in collaboration with Maurice Garland Fulton, is working on new Gregg papers, eventually to result in an annotated "Commerce of the Prairies."

Oliver LaFarge, whose "Laughing Boy," a novel of Indian life, won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1929, is a practising ethnologist who has had a decisive part in the formation of the Government's Indian policy. His dual interests—in literature and ethnology—are both to have representation this summer in new books, the first in a novel entitled "The Copper Pot" and the second in the symposium on Indian policy which he is editing for the University of Oklahoma Press. Mr. LaFarge makes his home alternately in New York and Santa Fé.

Fanita Lanier, who drew the center spread literary map of the Southwest, is a Dallas artist and illustrator, who has a particular penchant for maps with symbolic decoration.

John A. Lomax, like John Lee Brooks, a disciple of the late George Lyman Kittredge, began collecting ballads at a time when the text-books said there were no native American folk songs. "Cowboy Songs and Ballads," first issued in 1910, has been through many editions and started hundreds of collectors on their quest. In recent years, Lomax (working with his son, Alan Lomax) has made a survey of American balladry under the sponsorship of the Library of Congress.

John Joseph Mathews is the Indian (Osage) novelist whose Book-of-the-Month Club novel, "Wah'kon-tah," got the young University of Oklahoma Press out of the groove of merely academic publishing.

Lewis T. Nordyke is on the staff of Gene Howe's Amarillo *Globe.*

Novelist **George Sessions Perry** ("Hold Autumn in Your Hand") suffered injuries in an accident last summer which kept him out of military service. Intensely interested in the war, he has the job of getting to the public the spirit of the Air Corps. He has a book coming in the Autumn which Perry wants to call "Rich Rambunctious Texas." The publishers are casting about for a calmer title.

John William Rogers is a Dallas journalist and playwright. His latest play is "Where the Dear Antelope Play."

Henry Nash Smith, member of the English staff at Southern Methodist University, is this academic year visiting professor at the University of Texas. Since 1927 he has been one of the active editors of the *Southwest Review.*

Rebecca Smith, a Kentuckian, is an English professor at the Texas Christian University, Fort Worth. She is the author or editor of numerous articles and books on the Southwest in legend and history.

In the University of Oklahoma, **Stanley Vestal** is Dr. W. S. Campbell of the English faculty. He first made his reputation with a biography of Kit Carson in 1928. His list, now a dozen titles long, will be augmented this summer by a biography of Bigfoot Wallace.

Walter Prescott Webb, professor of history at the University of Texas, is known among scholars for his work in economic history, "The Great Plains." His book, "The Texas Rangers," has had a wide public, for Webb is an exemplar of the theory that historical writing can be scientific without being dull.

Sam Acheson is the author of a recently published history of *The Dallas Morning News,* on which he is an editorial writer. Mr. Acheson is also the author of a play, "We Are Besieged."

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—*Study for mural in the Post Office Department Building, Washington, D. C., by Ward Lockwood.*
"Opening the Southwest"

The Southwest: An Introduction

HENRY NASH SMITH

FEW chapters in the history of Western European peoples have offered more impressive testimony to the adaptability of the human species than the American advance across the North American continent. Encountering climates ranging from tropical to sub-arctic, and soils ranging in fertility from the lushness of Gulf Coast riverbottoms to the sterility of the Interior Basin, the American pioneer made his way everywhere, and everywhere devised means of occupying the lands his wanderings had discovered. The need for making such a variety of adjustments to many different environments has yielded the diverse ways of life we observe in the present. This issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* is a rather unsystematic collection of evidence concerning the result of the process in one distinctive geographical area.

The nineteenth-century American migrants were impatient of petty economies, just as they were not over-nice in their concern for justice in human relations. Some, of course, were not really looking for a place to settle down at all, because they had come to love movement for its own sake. They used the land prodigally, as transients, and passed on. But the whole area, each part in the fashion dictated by its resources, was occupied at last by men who had decided to see what could be made of the country as it stood. They drove out the Indians and the Mexicans; they plowed fields and built fences, or trailed their herds of cattle. They put together social institutions and an economic system, and very recently have begun to build the cities that lie so prodigiously upon the prairie.

They have also begun to reflect upon their experience, and have thus begun to feel the influence of the past, of tradition. It is a force not always for good, but indispensable and inevitable.

The materials collected here deal, quite unschematically, with the three shaping forces of terrain, people, and tradition. They belong on the whole to a rather early stage in the process by which a society becomes aware of its own origins and direction; and they are probably most remarkable for their diversity. The men represented here are interested in widely various aspects of the Southwest: Dobie in the land, and its plants, and the animals, and the men who have in greatest store the knowledge of these things which comes from long intimacy; Webb in history, which is the name for what men in society have made of the land; Lomax and La Farge and Stanley Vestal in the races which have met in the Southwest; DeGolyer and Rebecca Smith in what earlier writers have had to say about the country; George Sessions Perry in the tenant farmer of the Brazos bottoms, in the urgent present; Paul Horgan in the rather amusing efforts at sophistication which have appeared in the Southwest of the twentieth century.

These writers do not constitute a school of artists. For one thing, few of them live close enough together for intimate personal acquaintance. They deal with quite different types of material. And while they have produced some first-rate writing, as a group they are not very self-conscious technicians. Their attitude is, in the painter's sense of the word, primitive: they are—most of them—more deeply absorbed in subject matter than in form. They do not have a common esthetic creed.

But diverse as these writers are in temperament and in background, their common concern with the fate of man in this area gives to their work a certain unity. They are engaged in an informal but truly a joint venture: the effort to reach an understanding of human experience in a specific geographical setting.

IT may well be, as some critics have thought, that much of this Southwestern work is primitive in a bad as well as in a good sense. The past, for example, and the unsophisticated human types who represent the past in the present, may loom larger in this inventory than is quite justifiable. It might be objected that too much attention to untouched nature and to rural life threatens to become idle antiquarianism at a time when the world is at war, and when the region is at the mercy of its incredible demagogues. Or, to phrase the charge differently, perhaps the Southwestern writers have evaded a responsibility when they have paid so little attention to danger signals like the Ford hearings before the NLRB in Dallas and the wretched status of migratory farm workers.

These charges have some weight. It is not enough to say that more than one of the men represented here have come upon the brute fact of evil in

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their exploration of the Southwest, and have added this perception to our stock of self-knowledge. The betrayal of the people by their politicians, the ugly race prejudices inherited from the past and made worse by economic stress, the helplessness of men of good will before the anachronistic abuses of a delayed industrial revolution—all these are in the Southwest of today and are a part of any complete inventory.

But we must not demand everything of every writer. We should record our gratitude to these Southwesterners for their affirmation of a tradition of honesty and genuineness which makes against most of what we do not like in our surroundings now. And we should value at its true worth the very real achievement of regional writers generally in finding a valid way of interpreting American life outside the urban and industrial areas.

This achievement was more difficult and more necessary than we are likely to realize. Three decades ago, a writer who wished to deal with the life of farm or ranch or small town could draw upon only two fully-developed sets of attitudes, neither of which was well adapted to affirming the positive values of the American experience.

The first of these literary traditions was based on the genteel assumptions which so thoroughly permeated American thought in the nineteenth century. If one accepted the idea that the function of literature was to embody high moral ideals, the best that had been known and said in all the ages of human history, it was difficult to attach any very serious meaning to the American frontier experience, or to the diverse and often crude ways of life that resulted from it. Genteel writers, when they turned their attention to the American provinces in the decades after the Civil War, succeeded in dealing with more primitive types of character only by perfecting the local-color formula, which required the author to prove his unlettered natives had an innate and unaccountable moral virtue acceptable as a substitute for culture.

THE other literary mode of dealing with the life of non-metropolitan communities was the embittered "realism" of post-frontier disillusionment—the realism of "Main Travelled Roads" —and H. L. Mencken's flippant revolt against the village. Garland and colleagues of his like E. W. Howe performed a necessary function by offering a corrective for easy optimism of the Colonel Sellers type; and Garland especially made many Americans understand for the first time the exploitation of a rural West by the East. Yet necessary and valuable as this realism and even this bitterness were, they failed as completely as did genteel condescension to express the real values that had been created in the Westward advance of the frontier. The newly settled areas lacked culture, and the dream of a Utopia issuing directly from the Homestead Act had been dissipated. But was there no more than this to be said concerning the relentless, half-fantastic pioneering enterprise that had absorbed so large a portion of the nation's energy?

I DO not think this question has been fully answered by Southwestern writers. But they have been thoroughly right in insisting that we must set out from man-in-his-environment, and that our goal is neither the discovery of imported virtues, nor a cry of despair at the vanishing of the frontier American Dream, but is rather self-understanding.

The quest for such understanding leads to an interest in particular regions because our experience of the land and of our fellow men necessarily takes place within this framework. This proposition is so simple and obvious that it can hardly require designation as an "ism." It is nevertheless easy to understand why such a program has sometimes seemed to need the support of manifestoes and debates. Conceptions held as widely and as implicitly as was the nineteenth-century notion of culture, with its implied contempt for frontier barbarism, survive for a long time, the error embodied in them, apparently, even longer than the truth. It may therefore not be amiss to say once again that the ideal of a cultivation and refinement of the human being without reference to place and social setting has come to have less and less meaning as we have understood more clearly the human need for a harmonious adjustment to nature—not an abstraction, but a specific, tangible terrain; and to society—not a featureless aggregate, but a concrete group of individual persons engaged in a joint enterprise, governed by shared references to a historical tradition, and bound together by the common conditions of their life.

While such a view inevitably has consequences for literature in general and therefore for a Southwestern literature, we do not need to draw up critical prescriptions, or argue seriously whether this book or that conforms to the rules. The different races of men who have devised ways of life here according to the necessities of the land have conceived many alternative solutions of the human problem. Although human occupation of the Rio Grande valley, for example, is very ancient, the Americans came late, and have even yet not lost all the momentum and restlessness of the great migrations. The occupation of the High Plains hardly dates back of the present century. Oil booms have brought about within the past generation the overnight growth of towns and the improvisation of economic systems that we associate with the California of the gold rush. Yet some of the older Spanish settlements, the German communities of the Fredericksburg area, and towns of the eastern woodland like Nacogodoches have a distinct air of stability and permanence. Cities such as Houston and Dallas, middle-class, sprawling, energetic, and rather closely integrated with the national economic structure, are of course another element—still slightly unreal—in the complex whole. The task of Southwestern writers is first the rudimentary one of making an inventory of the region, and then of interpreting it —not that all the interpretations will agree, but that from a variety of interpretations, gradually emerges a coherent view of the past and some sense of direction for the future.

Such a purpose need not seem trivial even in the midst of a world revolution. Although I have been speaking primarily of regionalism in art, the idea has fully as much meaning for politics and economics. Who can say that a simultaneous increase of both internationalism and regionalism will not be the necessary result of the evident bankruptcy of nationalism? I do not intend to join the prophets who are painting pictures of the world to come, but I cannot end this introduction without repeating a suggestion that has been made elsewhere. The national state, nineteenth-century style, is an institution no longer adequate to serve all the political and economic ends of society. Many of these ends must be served in the future by some international organization, but others will undoubtedly be served by economic and social units corresponding to diversities of physical environment. In our country, these units will be regions rather than the highly artificial states of the Union. Some of them cross international boundary lines; all of them, on the North American continent, are smaller than the areas now controlled by national governments. It is not absurd to think that internationalism and regionalism—resulting from a redistribution of the functions of the present national states—will prove to be necessary counterparts of one another. Lewis Mumford has stated this position tersely, and his statement, made before the official outbreak of the present war, requires no revision now: "We have still to create the adequate political framework for Western Civilization: a framework which will recognize both the universalizing forces and the differentiating forces that are at work."

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The Singing Southwest

Two Stories

JOHN A. LOMAX

"Great Godamighty"

HE was called Lightnin'. His eyes blazed as he sang. "We call him Lightnin' because he thinks faster than the Warden," explained his companions. "His real name is Washington. He says he's a nephew of Booker Washington of Tuskegee." Lightnin' was the leader of a quartet of black convicts who had been brought from their cells into the vacant hospital room where we had set up our recording machine. He stood leaning forward towards the microphone, his three companions in a group behind him. His color was deep black, "a blue-black, bad nigger," the stolid guard leaned over and whispered to me. Lightnin' was still young, not yet thirty, serving his second term for serious crimes. As his body swayed with the rhythm of the singing he seemed a black Apollo in grace and beauty.

Lightnin' was leading a fast work-song describing the days when convicts were leased by Texas to owners of great cotton and cane plantations, sometimes to be driven under the lash until they fell from exhaustion; many, according to rumor, dying from sunstroke amid the sun-baked rows of corn and cane, in "dem long hot summer days," when

> You could find a dead nigger on ev'ry turn-row.

The song dramatizes what went on in the minds of a gang of field workers, one of whom, they thought, was about to be punished.

The Negroes see the "Cap'n" riding up on his horse with a "bull-whip in one hand and a cowhide in the other." They work faster. "Better go to drivin'" runs the song. After each excited ejaculation the chorus rings out, "Great Godamighty!"

Ridin' in a hurry,
Great Godamighty!
Ridin' like he's angry,
Great Godamighty!
Well, I wonder what's de matter?
Great Godamighty!
Bull-whip in one hand,
Great Godamighty!
Cowhide in de other,
Great Godamighty!
Well, de Cap'n went to talkin',
Great Godamighty!
"Well, come on here an' hold him."
Great Godamighty!
"Cap'n, let me off, suh!"
Great Godamighty!
"Woncha 'low me a chance, suh?"
Great Godamighty!
"Bully, low down yo' britches!"
Great Godamighty!
De bully went to pleadin',
Great Godamighty!
De bully went to hollerin',
Great Godamighty!

The listeners in the room grew tense as the four strong voices blended in the terrible sweep of the song. The stolid guard whispered: "The goose-pimples always come out along my spine when I hear niggers sing that song." Even outside in the nearby iron-barred dormitory the chatter and clamor of the two hundred black convicts was stilled into awed, reminiscent silence as the song swept on, growing in power to the end, while Lightnin', blue-black, vivid, poised as if for flight, leaned forward and sang with his three comrades:

"Great Godamighty!"

Poet in His Workshop

IN the years when I was teaching at A.&M. College, early one spring morning I heard someone calling "Hello!" out in front. I got on my clothes and went down, and found Harry Stephens hanging over the yard gate. He wouldn't come in.

"I've come to tell you goodbye, Professor," he said. "Grass is rising and I got to move on. When I get back to the ranch country, I'll be sending you some cowboy songs."

I watched his big, broad, muscular back and shoulders until he disappeared around a curve of the road leading out of Quality Row. For thirty-five years I did not see him again.

Harry had belonged to my class in Freshman English at the College. He had come in from Northern Arizona, bringing along his silver-mounted saddle, saddle blanket, ornate bridle, and martingale, leggins, spurs, and quirt—all of which, in lieu of pictures, he hung on the walls of his dormitory room. At night he scorned the cadet's iron bed and slept on his own bed-roll. "My mother wanted me to come to college," he told me, "but I don't see much use in it."

—*Jerry Bywaters*

Lightnin' Singing

For themes he had turned in stories of his wanderings in the West, with occasional scraps of cowboy songs. Where he forgot a line, he had skill in filling the gap with words of his own.

For some years after Harry left college I heard from him—from Arizona, Colorado, California, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho. He was happy only when in the saddle, herding cattle or range horses, bronco busting and bull-dogging in rodeos. He became a champion bull-dogger in California, where he won prizes enough to start a small ranch of his own. From Idaho he sent me four stanzas of a song he had "picked up," he said, each stanza closing with a cowboy yodel. The song fitted precisely into my first volume of "Cowboy Songs" as a tail-piece, and there I placed and printed it. It has come back to me in dozens of pirated collections, has several times been set to music, and often sung on the radio.

Harry called it "A Night-Herding Song."

Oh, slow up, dogies*, quit your roving around,
You have wandered and tramped all over the ground;
Oh, graze along, dogies, and feed kinda slow,
And don't forever be on the go,
Oh, move slow, dogies, move slow.

Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo.

I have circle-herded, trail-herded, night-herded and cross-herded too,
But to keep you together, that's what I can't do:
My horse is leg weary and I'm awful tired,
But if I let you get away I'm sured to get fired,
Bunch up, little dogies, bunch up.

Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo.

Oh say, little dogies, when you goin' to lay down
And quit this forever siftin' around?
My legs are weary, my seat is sore;
Oh, lay down, dogies, like you've laid down before,
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.

Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo.

Oh, lay still, dogies, since you have laid down,
Stretch away out on the big open ground;
Snore loud, little dogies, and drown the wild sound
That will all go away when the day rolls round,
Lay still, little dogies, lay still.

Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo.

Now there is a sequel. The other

*For the record, a hint on the pronunciation of 'dogies': "D" as in damn; the rest of the word rhymes with 'stogies'.

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day Harry Stephens wrote me from Denison, Texas, where he has become a staid man of family, and I went to visit him.

"Tell me the story of 'The Night-Herding Song'," I asked him. "It's made you immortal among cowboy poets. What outfit were you with when you heard it sung?"

"Well—one summer I had a job herding a bunch of wild horses in Yellowstone Park at forty dollars a month. Their manes were nearly as long as their tails. They were hard to hold, but I did the job so well the boss asked me if I would also herd them nights at double my wages. That meant sixteen hours of hard riding out of the twenty-four. At night I would get so sleepy I had to do something to keep awake. Them horses were always on the move, so I got to thinking I was riding round and round a herd of sleeping cattle and singing to keep them quiet. I'd make up a couple of lines and sing them to a sort of tune until I went into camp next morning, when I would write down the words. I meant it when I wrote,

I have circle-herded, trail-herded,
night-herded, and cross-herded,
too;
But to keep you together that's what
I can't do.

"Them restless broomtails were shore on the move, and I had to move, too, to keep from losing a lot of them among the hills of the Yellowstone.

"So, Professor, I guess I didn't collect that one. I just made it up."

Harry's confession was a jolt to my theory of communal authorship, but after all I had put down his name in connection with the Night-Herding Song on the last page of the 1910 "Cowboy Songs and Ballads": it was the only song in the book ascribed to a single author. I didn't *know,* but I must have had a hunch.

The Changing Indian

OLIVER LaFARGE

FOR about a hundred years the Bureau of Indian Affairs, charged with the protection and advancement of the original inhabitants of the United States, functioned hit or miss, with good intentions sometimes, by trial and error always, with a total disregard of everything that the steady march of scientific knowledge had to offer. In this country and abroad, medicine, anthropology, education, sociology, psychology, changed the whole thinking of civilized mankind, but the Indian Bureau ignored them all. The United States became a leader in many lines of knowledge and practice which bore directly upon the Indian problem—in public health, social service, education, and anthropology, to name a few. Bureaus dealing with all of these existed in our government. But it was a startling thing in the early 1920's to see how utterly the Indian Bureau remained insulated against all this, to see how it continued to exist and work not even in the nineteenth but in the eighteenth century.

To the south of us in Mexico, where the Indians form a vitally important part of the general population, the best of science was taken into government to form and carry out a dynamic Indian program. Scientists in this country watched with interest and excitement, but there was no communication between them and those who were controlling the destinies of our own Indians.

From the inception of the associations which later were consolidated to form the American Association on Indian Affairs, in the early 1920's, one of our prime objectives has been to bring science and government together. The first victory was won in the field of public health, then in forestry, and today, under Commissioner Collier's administration, a completely changed Indian Bureau is not only calling upon science for all that it can give but is also, through its testing of science in practical application to human life, contributing to our knowledge.

The change and its importance to all of us is being more dramatically shown in this immediate time. In the First World War a fair number of Indians who had been especially fortunate in their education volunteered and were found capable of service in the simpler, nontechnical branches of the army. Today Indians have entered the army by the hundreds, both as volunteers and draftees; they are distributed through all branches; many have won quick promotion as technical specialists; the number rejected for physical reasons or because of illiteracy is relatively small.

These are symptoms of something new and good in Indian affairs, but so far we have only a beginning. There is a wide division between pure, theoretical science and what should be the *applied science of Indian affairs.* We, the United States, have undertaken a serious experiment. Belatedly, we have set out to help some four hundred thousand people—reared in a totally different culture under utterly different circumstances, the remnant that has survived our aggression—to adapt themselves to our culture with benefit to themselves and to us.

For more than a century we alternately fumbled the problem and called out the troops. Now at last we are beginning to face it. We are seeking the theories and facts which will give us the right, practical answers to practical problems, urgent problems. Thousands of the best stock in America may be brought into the main stream of our life, bringing with them rich gifts, or by some major error may be broken into hopelessness.

This is not a mere figure of speech. We can point to communities of prosperous, progressive, educated Indians who are advancing themselves while maintaining their living, rich tradition; we are proud of those Indians who are now high officials of the United States Indian Service, skilled and competent men. Yet at the same time there are whole tribes who have been reduced to the narrow edge of starvation, hopelessness, and disaster by our mishandling or our failure to recognize the true nature of their problems.

If the time is to come when progress and well-being will be really typical of all our Indians, we must have a science of Indian affairs. It is the American Association on Indian Affairs's responsibility to make itself a leader in developing that science. That means bringing specialists of note, who are dealing with the practical work.

As a first step to meet this need, the Institute on the Future of the American Indian, which held its first session in March, 1941, was formed as an activity of the association. It brought the specialists and officials together in fruitful conference, and through that occasion served to make known to the public the realities of this portion of our national life.

Out of it came, among other things, a symposium with its many points of view and its wide coverage of different aspects of Indian life. This symposium is a contribution to science of a new order, uniting as it does the ideas of many theoretical workers in different disciplines and practical administrators upon a problem of applied science. It will prove interesting and helpful to laymen interested in the realities of the American Indian, and to those whose task it is to enable the Indians to recover in modern times the good life which was once theirs.

This article forms the introduction to "The Changing Indian," the symposium referred to in Mr. LaFarge's article. It will be published shortly by the University of Oklahoma Press.

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The Plains Indian and the War

STANLEY VESTAL

—*Photo by Gayle Waldro*

Stanley Vestal

THE British have issued a booklet to their cadet flyers training in this country, telling them how to get along with Americans. The booklet compares us quite candidly to the American—or, as they say, Red—Indians. Our enterprises, they suggest, are conducted like a redskin war expedition, with a preliminary whoop-it-up pow-wow, a relentless prosecution of the task, and a determination to bring home the "scalp"—same tangible proof of victory. The Americans, like the Indians, play to win, and for keeps.

The analogy is sound. Centuries of conflict with redskins in the same country, the same conditions, the same climate, have given us much the same technique, psychology, and intention.

Nowhere in the States is this so true as on the Plains, and particularly the Southern Plains, the so-called Short Grass, the Southwest. It is truer there, partly because there the last frontier vanished within living memory; partly because the population is of the older American stock, and so has been subjected to the influence of the tradition longer; but principally because conditions upon the Plains were so novel, so different from those in the woodlands and mountains to the eastward, that the people of the Plains developed a way of life and habit of thought more resourceful, more experimental, more daring, and more forward-looking than is usual in older and more settled communities.

Now this was precisely the way of thought and life peculiar to the Plains Indian, who had lived facing the same conditions even longer, yet who had, ethnologists say, hardly anything ancient in his culture. In old, settled communities, the ideal seems to be so to arrange things that nothing will ever happen, or can happen. But this was an impossible ideal on the Plains, whether for red men or white. There things happened often, usually with appalling speed, suddenness, and ferocity: tornadoes, blizzards, cloudbursts, stampedes, prairie-fires, fights. In the older states, a duel was a deliberate routine, occupying considerable time after elaborate preliminaries; on the Plains it was a matter of seconds, always to the death, and the survivor lived only because he was the faster on the draw.

The redskin taught us this technique. He invented—or employed—the blitzkrieg, and the white men who fought him had to meet him with the same lightning speed and courage. Being well mounted and extremely mobile, the Indian was usually able to outrun his enemy, and therefore seldom attacked unless he had the advantage of numbers and surprise. When he could not take the initiative, he vanished over the skyline; his warfare was always offensive warfare.

The white men who opposed him soon learned that they must stand fast, or—better—make an immediate counter-attack. Retreat almost invariably ended in defeat, and defeat meant annihilation. The Indian, whose wars never ended, was a realistic soldier; he knew that war meant killing, and he never gave quarter or expected it. If cornered, he jumped from his saddle, stabbed his horse, and died fighting. In fact, the redskin had things pretty much his own way until the Colt's revolver came into use, providing the white man with a weapon as handy, rapid, and deadly as the Indian's bow. From such Indians, the Plainsmen learned that appeasement was fatal, and that the only warfare worthy of the name was offensive warfare. This lesson produced a profound, and by now instinctive, quality in their thinking and outlook on life.

This is, in brief, a creative outlook. The Plainsman sees the world coming at him, not receding from him. He expects the unexpected. He rides the cow-catcher of life, not the observation platform. Unlike the fabled Worry Bird, he cares nothing at all about where he has been, but cares only about where he is going. He expects his leaders, like Indian chiefs, to be out in front, yelling, "Come on!" When he acquires a tool or an institution, his idea is to use it, not administer it; that, I suppose, is why he leaves his farm machinery standing in the weather, instead of storing it like a keepsake in the barn. He knows that, before it wears out, the manufacturer will have a better model on the market. Thrift, in fact, seems to him a kind of shameful weakness, folly, and cowardice—as it had seemed to the Plains Indian. His economic warfare, like his mortal warfare, is offensive. On the Plains there was, and is, hardly any class distinction; yet the villain of the popular Western story is nearly always a money-lover; a banker, robber, gambler, miser, or crook. This fact is instructive; the Plainsman distrusted the man who tried to lock up the future.

And so of this war. To the Plainsman it was obvious that no defeated nation would try to win the next war by the methods which had lost them the last one; a ten-year old boy might understand that losers always try a different game to recoup their losses. And so, while the men of other parts reviled him for his indifference and *talked* about preparedness, the Plainsman was already under arms. When the Conscription Bill was passed, so many men from the Short Grass had enlisted that the first draft was almost a dead letter there. No part of the country had so many men in uniform.

The record of those men at Pearl Harbor, on Bataan, at sea, and elsewhere needs no heralding; it stands on its imperishable merits. Instinctively, these men understood what General MacArthur has made the world see—that glory is a solid reality.

No one can look at the photographs that have come out of the Philippines and not feel that these men, under such a creative leader, have deeply felt that *gaudium certaminis,* that joy of battle, which has always marked the great nations and great epochs of the world. They have known the comradeship of courage and suffering, the loyal confidence in their leader, the glow of victory over ten times their number, the satisfaction of using themselves and of being used for a great cause, and the resulting pride in having won the admiration and appreciation of mankind.

War is ugly, war is cruel, war is tragic. But it may be glorious. Long ago the Plainsmen discovered that

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glamor and glory have little enough in common. Like the famous Texas Ranger whose lifelong aim was "to be as much like an Indian as possible," they have followed the old American tradition.

A great deal has been said about confining the war effort of the individual to "doing what one can do best." This is all very well. But I submit that victory, and happiness as well, will come only to those who do desperately well *whatever needs to be done*. Few of the men on Bataan had ever been under fire, but there are times—times men like to remember—when it is necessary to achieve the impossible. At such times all the activities and emotions of men become profoundly significant, luminous, and vital. For the offensive approach to life is the creative approach, which vivifies every vital experience—religion, love, war, friendship, work, parenthood, all. This the Plains Indian took for granted, and every true-bred Plainsman after him.

Any anthropologist, any historian will tell you that it is always the wilder peoples who conquer the tame ones. Hitler and the Japs have desperately set out to be wild on purpose, thinking to grow tall by pulling on their boot-straps. They have adopted the blitzkrieg of the savage. But it is no good; no people who submit so tamely as they do to regimentation can be really wild. You cannot be wild to order; the thing is a contradiction in terms.

Inevitably, a free democracy is wilder than a monarchy or dictatorship can ever be, wilder and therefore slower in organizing for victory. But this is not, as Hitler would have us believe, necessarily a weakness. It is only an initial handicap. The contrary is true. The wild men always win, and surely there are none wilder now in battle dress than the Americans, Canadians, Anzacs, and their native allies. All these are men born for the offense, the blitzkrieg was made for them. They are bored in a war of position. The creative spirit of the Plainsman is the spirit of victory. It has found an eloquent and inspiring voice in Douglas MacArthur. His eyes are in the front of his head. For once, this country has begun a major war with at least one first-rate general.

In this World War, as in the last, the American Indian is doing his full share, on the Plains as elsewhere. But his greatest contribution to our war effort lies in the old warlike tradition, the American tradition now, which he forced upon the European settlers here—the creative faith, the eyes to the future, the belief in glory, and the conviction that real war is always offensive.

Paul Bunyan

JOHN LEE BROOKS

PAUL BUNYAN, though not by any means "America's only folk-hero," is easily our most versatile. In addition to his logging, he has muscled-in on other trades. He appears among the tank-builders, erecting a tank so high that a hammer dropped off the top wore out two handles before it hit the ground. Among the old-style truckers he is noted for his skill in being able to wield a forty-foot blacksnake whip out of a covered wagon. The telegraph construction men speak with great pride of his building the Mason and Dixon line and of his working so fast that his ground crew had to shoot him the insulators out of a machine-gun.

I have told elsewhere (*vide* Texas Folk-Lore Society Publication VII) how Paul came south to the oil fields and soon became a phenomenal driller and operator. He developed new methods such as rolling up the drill stem on a huge drum, and he invented new tools and equipment, giving them appropriate names like "headache post," "bull-wheel," and "calf-wheel," and "lazy-bench." Everything he did, in fact, was super-colossal!

—*Sketch by Jerry Bywaters.*

Paul Bunyan could pick up pipelines and lay 'em down.

Paul Bunyan at work was something! His rig and gears were so big that, although he lived twelve miles from the lease, he rode to the job by hopping on the rocker-arm of a pump as it went back and forth. His drilling engine had a fly-wheel that took thirty days to make one revolution. The drill-stem, which was flexible, was so heavy that the engine required twenty-four gears to handle it. The derrick was appropriately large: the derrickman went up to his post as a bridegroom and was a grandfather before he came down. His meals were shot up to him out of an anti-aircraft gun. The rotary table was so wide that the backup man had a tent right on it; if he hadn't he could never have got back on time to set the slips. On one occasion Paul determined to break his record for height. He built the structure up, up, up until it became so tall that he and his crew moved to heaven and lived there while they finished their work. Paul decided to drill a well worthy of his derrick. He reached China and stopped.

When Paul attempted other types of work, he was equally terrific. The pipeliners, the roughest crew to be found in the oil fields, tell of Paul's big camp for which he laid a pipeline to furnish buttermilk for his men. According to them, his tongs were so heavy that it took four ordinary men to lift them. One day when he was setting up the joints on the twenty-four-inch buttermilk line to the camp, he absent-mindedly turned over the pump stations for a hundred miles before he realized that the joints were tight. Work like this hardly brought the sweat, but, if the day was hot, he might wipe the perspiration off his brow with one of Barnum and Bailey's old circus tents, which was the only thing he could find adequate for a handkerchief. If he got hungry, the café manager had practically a government contract! He kept a whole batch of meal-tickets for Paul, and instead of punching them he simply tacked them on the wall and shot them with a shotgun.

Paul had one disappointment in life: his son Rufus was not up to what he should have been in size, measuring only nine feet between the eyes and forty-four feet from nipple to nipple in the chest. But Paul let him play around the rig for amusement until one day the boy got too close to the injectors of the boiler and was sucked in. When his father found him, he was bobbing around in the gauge glass, and Paul in disgust took him out and wrung his neck for a runt.

These various manifestations of Paul Bunyan evidence his virility and show he is thoroughly and typically native. To American laborers in many fields, he's the super-hero—adaptable, aggressive, unstoppable, the champion at all weights.

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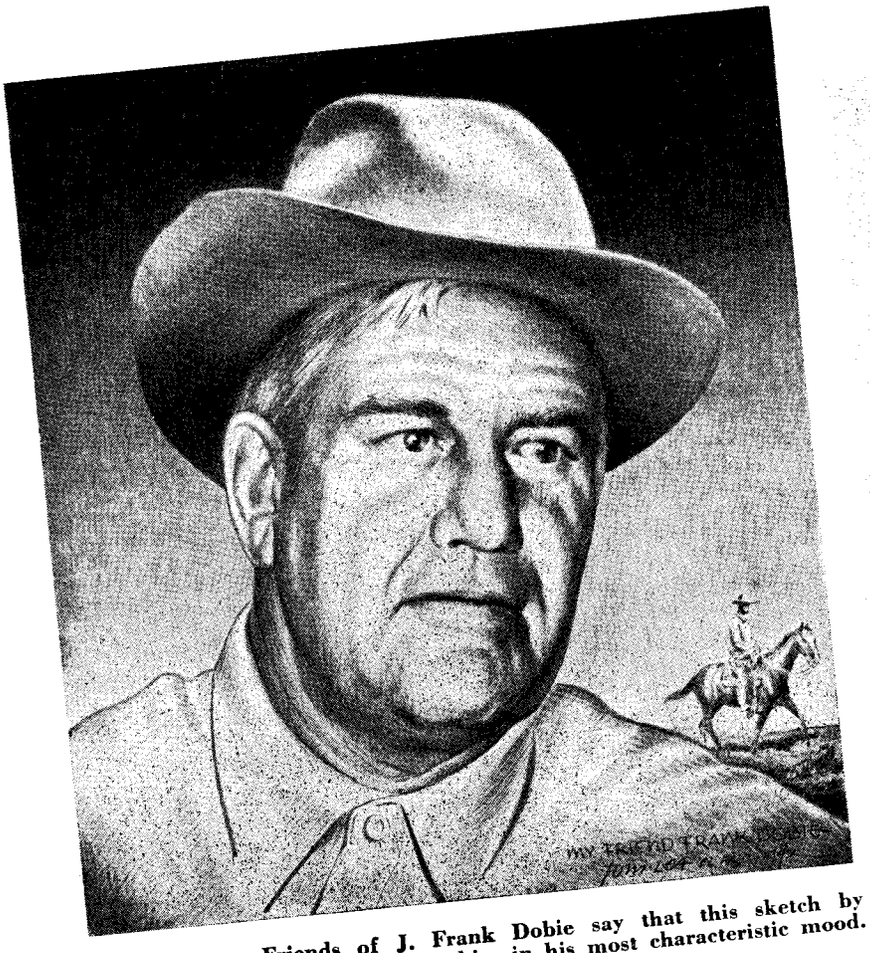
Artists and Writers

THE sketches of the authors on this page (all of them represented in this issue), are the work of three of the Southwest's most prominent artists. Jerry Bywaters, who, in addition to the portrait of John A. Lomax on this page, drew the special cover for this issue, lives and works in Dallas, Texas, where he teaches at the Southern Methodist University. He was born in Texas, in 1906, studied in New York, and returned to Texas where his work and his ideas, as expressed both in his paintings and writings, have won him a reputation which has gone beyond the region he uses as his laboratory. He was the winner of a Special Prize for Oils at the All-Texas Annual of the Houston Museum of Fine Arts in 1940.

Tom Lea was born in El Paso thirty-five years ago and still makes his home there (it was in El Paso that he drew the sketch of Frank Dobie). Like Bywaters, his period of study was outside Texas—in this case Chicago, where he attended the Art Institute, and Italy, where he studied murals. It is in the field of murals that he has made his greatest reputation; among the many buildings which show his work are the Post Office Building in Washington, D. C., and the Section of Fine Arts of the Federal Works Agency.

Ward Lockwood, painter, lithographer, decorator, and teacher, is considered a Southwestern artist although he was born in Kansas. His present headquarters are the University of Texas, where he is Chairman of the Department of Art. Lockwood studied in America and Europe and has been given numerous awards, including the Logan Prize of the International Watercolor Exhibit at the Art Institute in Chicago in 1931. He is represented at present in various showings and collections throughout the country.

Like Frank Dobie, Walter Prescott Webb of whom Ward Lockwood drew the above sketch at the University of Texas, is generally seen in a tall and broad-brimmed Stetson.



Friends of J. Frank Dobie say that this sketch by Tom Lea catches him in his most characteristic mood.

John Lomax, sketched here by Jerry Bywaters, has written five volumes on American Ballads and Folk Songs.

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The Southwest in Fiction

REBECCA W. SMITH

BEFORE 1900 fiction out of the Southwest was, with a few exceptions, written either by popular adventure writers or by literary amateurs. The tales were either imitative in form or merely formless; but they had in them much fresh information about the new frontier life of plains and deserts, Indians and Mexicans.

It is a hard to say just when Southwest writing began to catch up with the rest of America in artistic technique and intellectual awareness; but soon after World War I there were growing signs of maturity, with now and then a hint of sophistication. Some of the new Southwest authors of the 1920's were already well known in the world of books when they began to write in and of this area. Others grew up in New Mexico and Arizona and Oklahoma and Texas, and learned their craft working with native materials. Tenderfoot or native, they faithfully chronicled the Southwest scene and legend.

Perhaps the most influential of the already well-known writers was Mary Austin, who built her Casa Querida in Santa Fé in 1925. Her profound feeling for the region expressed itself more fully in other forms of narrative than in the novel; for instance, in the admirable Indian folk-lore of "One Smoke Stories," and in her autobiography, "Earth Horizon." Nevertheless, her New Mexico novel, "Starry Adventure" (1931), is rich in landscape and customs, and her presence gave impetus to novel writing as well as to other art projects there.

Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" (1927) marks the beginning of a conscious appreciation of contemporary Southwest literature in the minds of the American public. This beautiful, quiet tale of an austere French priest was the first completely successful work in Southwest fiction, and probably remains the most admired. It is true that Mary Austin, in whose home Miss Cather lived in Santa Fé while writing her book, disapproved of the praise of French culture over Spanish-American. But Miss Cather's story, like the Archbishop's formal cathedral overlooking the disorderly plaza in Santa Fé, continues to dominate the scene.

In 1929 came Oliver LaFarge's Pulitzer Prize novel, "Laughing Boy," another work which focussed popular and critical attention upon the Southwest. Intense and poetic, this account of the modern Navajo as a human being, a sincere follower of beauty, is akin to the romantic concept of the "noble savage." LaFarge, however, did not invent an imaginary red man out of books and theories. He has lived among the Indians, and he created "Laughing Boy" in the firm belief that this youth is the real Navajo.

In the meantime, Harvey Fergusson, of an old Albuquerque family, wrote a series of more realistic novels of the historic eras of the Rio Grande Valley: "The Blood of the Conquerors" (1921), "Wolf-Song" (1927), and "In Those Days" (1929). With the rough candor that characterized the gifted young men of the '20's, he related what he counts the whole truth about the early days of the Valley—loot and lust and courage and defeat—in striking contrast to the extroverted success stories of the "Westerns." Almost simultaneously was published Ruth Cross's "The Golden Cocoon" (1924), containing an indictment of North Texas tenant farm life, one of the first social commentaries to find its way into Southwestern literature. Also from Texas, Dorothy Scarborough, a lady and a scholar, wrote the best novel of her career in "The Wind" (1925). This is the Hardy-esque tragedy of an aristocratic Virginia-born bride in a lonely West Texas ranch house, whom the wind drives mad. This novel likewise is no conventional "Western," and it is said to have aroused the Plains people no end.

A considerable amount of good Southwest fiction continued to appear during the late '20's and early '30's. The titles are familiar: Donald Joseph's beautiful and sensitive "October's Child" (1929), Stanley Vestal's colorful "Dobe Walls" (1929), George Milburn's satiric "Oklahoma Town" (1931), John Oskison's vigorous "Brothers Three" (1935). Competent craftsmanship and vitality are combined in all these stories. Especially brilliant are Milburn's disillusioned tales of Oklahoma small town life, which even their *American Mercury* mannerisms cannot wholly "date."

But by the mid-'30's there was something more than merely the promise of a real literature of the Southwest. There was achievement, notably in fiction. Since that time the novel has become perhaps the most adequate literary expression of the region. Santa Fé can claim Mary Austin and Willa Cather by luck and the grace of God; but when a crop of good novelists springs from the soil, then Southwestern literature has come of age. The novels of this new group fit into no neat categories, geographical or social; but they all have in common an intense preoccupation with ways of living that are native.

THE development of recent Southwestern fiction may be illustrated by reference to eleven writers whose recent books represent fairly the serious fiction of the region. All of these have had the satisfaction of critical literary recognition beyond their own borders, several of them having won important national awards; all of their work, no matter how various in form, bears the impress of special environment, the land and its social history being a major element in their dramatic conflicts.

John Joseph Mathews in "Sundown" (1934) recounts the failure of an intelligent Oklahoma Osage youth to learn the white man's ways, in spite of or, perhaps because of college and a car and an oil well. The author is him-

Edwin Lanham **George Sessions Perry** **Paul Horgan** **John Joseph Mathews**

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self part Indian; yet there is no bitterness, no romanticizing here. With dignity and honesty he chronicles the maladjustment and human waste among the prosperous Oklahoma Indians. This novel and his earlier "Wah'kon-tah" have established Mr. Mathews as an authentic interpreter of his people to the rest of the world.

Paul Horgan, who now lives in Roswell, New Mexico, won his first literary spurs with a sophisticated novel about upstate New York musicians, "The Fault of Angels." He next ridiculed the wealthy dilettantes of Santa Fé in "No Quarter Given" (1935), the most effective and almost the only satirical novel of the Southwest to date. Significantly, however, Mr. Horgan has turned from satire to portrayals of the landscape and of pioneering days, and more lately to history pure and simple. His "Figures in a Landscape" (1940), which I choose here to represent his work, is a poetically conceived study in design, a series of stories about people in the New Mexico country, peasant boys and army officers and old people. Each tale fits into the pattern of human transiency against a changeless landscape. In this mood Mr. Horgan is a philosopher who uses fiction to embody the truth he has discerned: that the shape of the land is more permanent than the achievements of the individuals who dwell on it.

Conrad Richter's most recent Southwest novel is "The Sea of Grass" (1937), a saga of the passing of the cattle kings. Mr. Richter lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, a good vantage point for understanding the Anglo-Saxon culture of New Mexico, which is his most successful theme. He knows range life as well as any "Western" author, but he goes beyond the outward facts to show the reaction of character to economic change. "The Sea of Grass" is an extraordinary technical achievement, almost the equal of "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; though, as a matter of fact, its closest parallel in Willa Cather's work is with "A Lost Lady." In "The Sea of Grass" we watch a lusty, magnificent pioneer cattle king, Jim Brewton, lose his land and his exquisite wife. He is broken by the social changes he defies, and beaten by emotional conflicts he is too proud to recognize. Rhythmic style and symmetrical structure give this short novel a formal beauty rare in Southwestern literature.

"Lone Star Preacher" (1941), is by John W. Thomason, author of "Fix Bayonets!" Colonel Thomason is a traditional writer, in both material and style. As a World War I Marine officer he could doubtless instruct the hard-boiled younger men how to be realistic;

Mary King

Laura Krey

Katherine Anne Porter

but he prefers the gracious, slightly formal manner of the old style Southern humorist. In fact, his narrative technique is that of the frontier tale teller, the style that molded A. B. Longstreet and Mark Twain. Colonel Thomason is preserving faithfully the tales that the old timers told him when he was a boy in Huntsville.

Katherine Anne Porter, it is said, never thinks of herself as a Southwestern writer; yet she was reared near San Antonio, which has much of the Old South in its bloodstream, and in the early 1920's she lived among the newspaper and little theatre groups of Dallas and Fort Worth where legends still go the rounds about her. All that would be no reason for including her here, did she not portray the Southwest in many of her stories with quiet, penetrating truthfulness. Her famous first volume of short stories, "Flowering Judas" (1930), is most effective when the settings go down into Mexico, an extension of the Southwest which belongs as naturally to our artists as the ocean does to New Englanders. "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" (1939), consists of three fine novelettes. The best is "Old Mortality," the poignant memories of a child in a great Southern family haunted by a past that is not hers. The incisive beauty of Katherine Anne Porter's art belongs to no section.

Laura Krey leads a dual existence: as the wife of professor of medieval history at the University of Minnesota, and as the author of two sound historical novels, "—and Tell of Time" (1938) and "On the Long Tide" (1940). "—and Tell of Time" combines the two sources of her inspiration: the "remembered history" she heard of summer evenings as a child on a South Texas gallery, and her thorough research into records. Like Colonel Thomason, Mrs. Krey believes in the past, and she tells it for truth. If she seems sometimes to be documentary, it is probably that, being a scholar as well as a novelist, she too often finds her facts in books.

In the same tradition of historical fiction as Mrs. Krey's work is Karle Wilson Baker's "Star of the Wilderness" (1942) a full length, carefully woven novel of Texas in the early 1830's. Mrs. Baker skilfully centers the action in old Nacogdoches, headquarters of travel and intrigue on the road from Natchez to Mexico City. The story is rich in local customs and daily routine, and is free from conventional patriotism. Its limitation is its genteel, feminine point of view. Just as Mrs. Baker in "Family Style" (1937) views the modern oil game through a lady's eyes, here she recounts the struggle for empire chiefly as a gentle heroine sees it. Mrs. Baker's forte is manners, not full blooded action.

Edwin Lanham is a cosmopolite, having done his turns in Paris and New York literary circles. He has tried various styles and themes, but succeeds best with full blooded panoramas of North Texas, where his family pioneered two generations ago. After all, a young novelist who can combine his two grandfathers into such a hero as Amon Hall of "The Wind Blew West" had better sit and whittle in the courthouse yard of his home town a while longer. Mr. Lanham did just that when he wrote his latest novel, "Thunder in the Earth" (1941), a buoyant but rather uncritical account of the oil game, about which Mr. Lanham has told the truth, nothing but the truth, though not the whole truth.

Mary King's "Quincie Bolliver" (1941) is an oil novel, too, and very realistic, but in a different manner. Quincie, child of an itinerant mule driver, comes to live in a shabby South Texas town that an oil boom has swept over. Through her young eyes and heart we come to know what the oil industry does to the boarding houses and shanties of a small community. The novel could have been sordid, but is not. Quincie is one of the memorable characters in all Southwestern fiction. "Quincie Bolliver," Mary King's first

(*Continued on page* 37)

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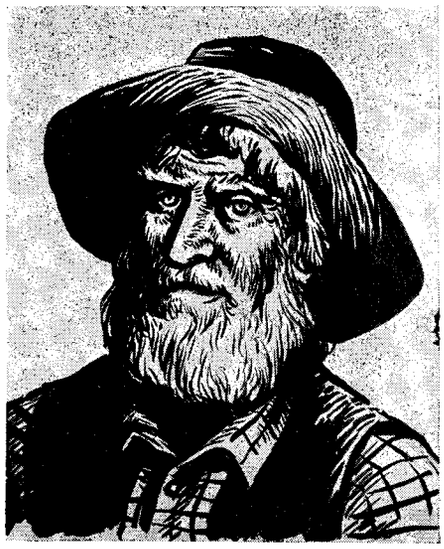
Mister Ben Lilly—
Bear Hunter East and West

J. FRANK DOBIE



—*Drawing by Jerry Bywaters.*
Mister Ben Lilly

I WON'T say that El Paso has more stories than any other city between New Orleans and San Francisco, but I have certainly heard more good stories there and have run into more storybook characters than any other place has afforded me. Fifteen years have passed since it began to be a story town for me. I had already spent the most of two days and nights listening to the inexhaustible adventures of C. B. Ruggles, who after years of hunting for the Lost Tayope Mine in Mexico, was now sure of its location. We were about to set out on a month's pack trip across the Sierra Madre. He was going for samples of ore and some estimates that a mining engineer would furnish; I was going for the ground work of the Tayope saga.

While we were waiting on passports and other matters, the American National Live Stock Association held its annual convention in El Paso. The town was fuller of story characters than usual, a lot of them from New Mexico. Among the New Mexicans was Vic Culberson, owner of the far-spread G O S outfit. With him he had brought along old man Ben Lilly to make a talk to the convention on Predatory Animals.

Ben Lilly was at that time about eighty-four years old,—stumpily built, firm-stepping, eyes as clear and blue as the sky after a *Cinco de Mayo* rain, and a complexion that glowed above his beard like Santa Claus's. His voice was so soft and his whole expression so innocent-looking that nobody listening to him for the first time would suspect the amount of emphasis and stubborness he kept in reserve.

When Vic Culberson introduced him to the three hundred or so cattlemen, he told how Ben Lilly upon coming to the G O S range to kill off panthers and bears walked up to headquarters leading a burro loaded with all his worldly possessions and straightway wanted to know how much pasturage he should pay on the burro. The immemorial custom of the range is that any man working on it shall have grass for his privately owned horse as freely as he has water for himself. Lilly had agreed to hunt and trap at $100 a month, boarding himself, but nothing had been said about his burro. Now he insisted on the terms of pasturage. "Nothing, hell, nothing," Vic Culberson told him. But, no, old Lilly did not want more than had been stipulated, and he would not rest until it was agreed that fifteen cents a month for the burro's pasturage be taken out of his wages. Culberson, in his introduction, went on to tell how if Mr. Lilly's dogs treed a panther Saturday night, they had to guard it until Monday. Mr. Lilly was very religious. He would not shoot on Sunday. We could depend on it that whatever he told us was true.

The cherry-cheeked old woodsman talked for an hour on bears and lions (panthers), manifestly enjoying himself. This was the first public speech, however, that he had ever made. After the convention recessed, I got him off to one side and he talked on for two or three hours longer. He was as full of philosophy as an egg is of meat, and every once in a while I would remark that Emerson or Thoreau had recorded an idea similar to the one he had just expressed. They were foreign names to him and, as they agreed with him, he thought they must be mighty smart men. He complimented me, too, on my smartness at being able to quote them.

The old hunter kept alluding to the black bears he had killed in the canebrakes of Louisiana, to the grizzlies he had tracked to their doom in New Mexico and Arizona, and the big ones he had got down in Mexico. He was as strong on panthers as on bears. Teddy Roosevelt had hunted with him in Louisiana, and he treasured with great pride a short article written by Roosevelt that mentioned him. Finally, I asked him how many bears he had killed.

"That's a secret I am keeping for me book," he replied.

At that time "Trader Horn" was one of the most popular books in America, and when I told Mr. Lilly that his experiences and philosophy might be woven into as good a book as Trader Horn's he was delighted. He had not heard of "Trader Horn," of course, before this. When he let me know that he was actually writing a book, I confessed that I also wrote sometimes. Up to that moment he had regarded me as one of the cattlemen, maybe a little better read than the ones he was used to talking with. He was a solitary man and not nearly so skilful in detecting occupational marks on men as in reading bear sign. He had never had a more intense listener, and another man interested in writing was a new continent. He had something, he said, that he would like to show me, and suggested that we go over to the old Shelton Hotel, where he had a room.

I was stopping there too. The Shelton later burned down. It was wonderfully constructed, with about a half dozen levels on each floor and halls as full of turns as a trail down into a canyon of the Sierra Madre Mountains. When we reached the Shelton lobby, Mr. Lilly walked over to the desk, and said something to the clerk. The clerk worked the combination to the lock on the door of a steel vault back of the desk, opened the ponderous door, reached into a cavern that had hid fortunes in gold and silver smuggled across the River Bravo in revolutionary times, and pulled out a sack that had at one time been white and had held forty-eight pounds of Three X flour. Now a knot was tied in one end of it and its contents were manifestly light.

Mr. Lilly took the flour sack, indicated that I was to follow him, and led the way upstairs, around various corners of the halls, over the up-and-down levels of his floor, finally stopping at the door to Room 217. He unlocked the door, opened it, and after we were inside, closed the door and relocked it. Then he opened the flour sack and took out a typewritten manuscript of perhaps twenty-five pages. Handing it to me, he said, "You can read it."

I took the manuscript, read the title, "What I Know about Bears," felt for a chair while I read, and continued to read, utterly absorbed, until I had reached the end. Full of concrete, first-hand observations, the account proved to be one of the most fascinating and informing pieces of natural history I have ever read. It was not written in a style that any publisher would approve of, but when I was through with it and we began to talk, I learned that Mr. Lilly did not intend for any writer or publisher to add a period or transpose a clause. He had had a school teacher up in a New Mexico mining

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camp copy it, he explained, and in his mild way he was abidingly incensed that she had made several changes in his punctuation and construction.

By the time I had finished reading "What I Know about Bears," it was good dark. My host declined eating supper with me. He would not so much as drink a cup of coffee. He never drank coffee, much less any kind of liquor. I deduced that he was not sleeping on the hotel bed but was spreading some of the bed clothes on the floor and sleeping there. He complained of the "rancid" air. If I would come back on the following evening, he said, he would let me read the second chapter of his book.

LATE the next afternoon we got together again, got the flour sack out of the vault, followed the right trail to his room, and were locked inside it once more. The title of the second chapter was "What I Know about Panthers." I had in the pocket of my coat a copy of the *El Paso Herald,* containing a short account of Lilly's address to the National Live Stock Association on the preceeding day, and a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post.* While I was taking a preliminary glance at the manuscript before settling into it, I thought of the newspaper and magazine and, pulling them out but not looking up, said, "Mr. Lilly, perhaps you would like to read something here while I am reading what you have written."

"No, I thank you," he replied and then, in a voice of settled conviction, "I find this very in-ter-est-ing."

I looked up at him. He was deeply immersed in "What I Know About Bears."

The chapter on panthers contained, in addition to the man's original observations, a collection of tales he had heard about panther attacks on human beings. I regretted that there was not a third—and a thirtieth—chapter to read.

As I was to learn much later, Mr. Lilly upon returning to the New Mexico mountains took pneumonia. He attributed it to the bad air he had been forced to breathe in El Paso. Somebody drove him down to the little hospital at Mimbres Hot Springs—just some hot water, a few cottonwoods, and three houses out in low, bleak mountains. Doctor Stovall, owner of the springs and hospital, told me that he had great difficulty keeping the patient in a room. Every morning when Dr. Stovall rode up to the hospital, he could expect to see Lilly, hat on head, hunkered under a big cottonwood tree over a little fire of horse manure, snuffing the smoke through cupped hands. He had an unshakable conviction that smoke from horse manure was a great healer of any trouble affecting throat and lungs.

All the other old-time hunters and trappers of the Rocky Mountains that I have ever known or heard of—hunters like Bear Moore and Nat Straw and Ed English—were always looking on the side for gold and silver, hoping to make a strike some day, to find the Lost Adams Diggings, the Lost Dugout, or some other lode. Not Ben Lilly. The only sign he looked for was the sign of the hunted. At the age of twenty he killed his first bear with a knife in a Louisiana cornfield. After that the passion for hunting absorbed his life. Like Davy Crockett, he was ever "wrathy to kill a bear."

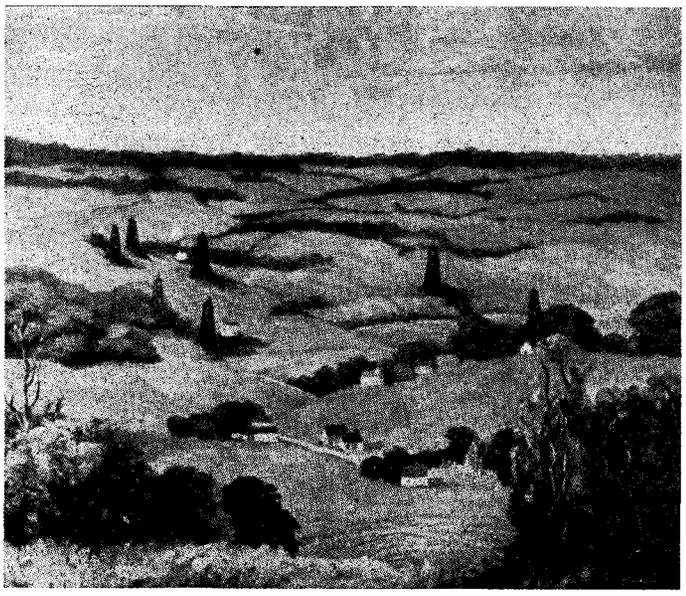
In Louisiana he had a wife and three children. One day his wife petutantly asked him why he did not kill a hawk that was after her chickens. He was a marvelous shot. He could shoot a twig under a squirrel a hundred yards off and then with another shot kill the squirrel as it and the severed twig fell. On the day his wife urged him to kill the hawk, he picked up his gun and walked out in shirtsleeves. Something more than two years later he returned. "The hawk kept flying," were his only words of explanation. Then he left for the West, where the bears grow bigger.

That was about the beginning of this century, when predatory animals were very common in the mountain country and ranchmen were paying big bounties. Sometimes he made several thousand dollars in a year. When the range country went broke in 1921—a worse year for them than 1929-30—he had money in a dozen or so banks in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma—not a fortune, but some thousands of dollars. Most of the banks were closed. Lilly kept no accounts, would hardly use a regular bank-check form. He would write out a check on a piece of brown wrapping paper, on a chip of bark, the shankbone of a cow, signing with the picture of a honey-bee for his first name. He was a crude, but much-practising artist, and he liked to write out his name in rebus style: a bee, a rattlesnake poised to make his middle initial, V, and a lily stalk and flower. His chief amusements were drawing, carving blowing horns, and making knife blades out of old files. As a young man he had been a blacksmith.

I HAVE been writing of Ben V. Lilly as a man who hunted rather than as a hunter associated with wild animals. He kept various diaries, usually written in a bald style. Only a few of them have been preserved. For several years after I read the chapters on Bears and Panthers in El Paso, I kept hoping, yet hardly expecting, that Lilly's book would get printed, if only by a country newspaper press. About 1933 I learned that the old man had become very childish. Two friends of mine tried without success to get copies of the manuscripts I knew he had. The people who cared for him towards the end of his life had no interest in them. He died on the New Mexico "poor farm," up Silver Creek, above Silver City, in 1936. Last year I found the manuscripts, though the one on Bears had been more than half destroyed by mice. The trails I followed to find those manuscripts and the characters they brought me to would make several stories. The reminiscences of those who knew him in Louisiana would make a thick tome indeed, and one I should like to read.

Nobody who knew Mr. Lilly—at least after he followed the hawk that kept flying—ever-called him other than "Mr. Lilly" to his face, and few called him anything more familiar behind his back.

When I think of him, I see the cleanest, mildest pair of eyes I have ever looked into. In one way they had nothing to hide. In another way they only half hid as much unspoken loneliness, satisfaction with solitude, and insight into both the concreteness and the mysteries of nature as a pair of human eyes could express.



—From "Contemporary Art of the United States."
The Osage Nation, by Nan Sheets.

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Texas:
Eternal Triangle of the Southwest

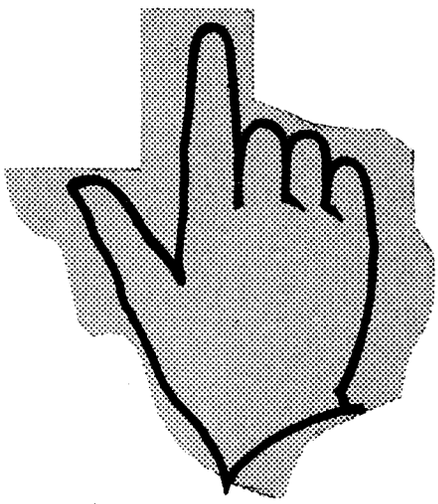
WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

TO say that Texas is the eternal triangle of the Southwest demands an explanation not to be found in geometric forms. The three definite sides of this state must be developed in the human mind, and in the third dimension of history. It is from the stuff of history, and not from the form of the map, that the figure is constructed. The map itself, by which I mean the outlines of the boundaries of the state, long defied the skill of the image maker. The five-pointed star finally became the symbol of the state, not because Texas resembles a five-pointed star, but because it has five corners instead of the conventional four like several of the box-like commonwealths. It took a poet, however, to find the symbol of Texas, and a recent poet, a tenderfoot, at that. The fact that he is not a native Texan enabled him to see with the fresh eyes of a stranger, and a poet, that Texas resembles the open right hand. Townsend Miller's "A Letter from Texas" has compressed into eighteen lines the form, the magnitude and something of the spirit of Texas.*

John it is a strange land. John it is
hard to describe.
But perhaps like this: hold up your
right hand, palm outward
And break the last three fingers
down from the joint
And there I think you have it. The
westering thumb
The beautiful bleak land, the silent
mesas
Big Bend and the great canyons and
at its end
El Paso, the Northern Pass . . .
Southward and east the slow hot
river moving
River of Palms, Grande del Norte,
and over the wrist
To Brownsville . . .
Upward the long coast curving and
far above it
Over the bent joints the red bordering river
Red River . . . .
And last the index, Panhandle, the
high plains
The bleached bone laid on the huge
heart of the continent.
This is the empire; this is the hand
flung out
The large western dream and the
tongue staggers
To speak it . . . .

Strange land . . . hard to describe . . . the hand flung out . . . the large western dream . . . the tongue staggers to speak it! Texas. It would be easy here, for one who has a high regard for his own land, to break down into cheap panegyric about size, distance, and elevation. But the eternal triangle is the subject, and it is my task to make the triangle emerge as an historical image as clearly as the poet made the hand emerge as the visual image.

The triangle of Texas may not be eternal, but it is of long duration, extends far back into the past, exists in the present, and will not be obliterated



in the near future. It has the antiquity of geology, the stability of climate, and the persistence of a culture complex. The triangle grows out of the fact that in Texas three environments meet. The three great natural environments may be listed as follows:

1. *The Great Eastern Woodland.* This wooded and well-watered region comprises the original thirteen states and extends to the west bank of the Mississippi. It was the original home of the Anglo-American people in the United States. The eastern portion of Texas is the southwestern fragment of the woodland environment.

2. *The Great Western Plains,* or the Great Plains. This is the rolling or level country that begins where the Eastern Woodland stops, west of the Mississippi. It is the land where, in the words of Herbert Quick, "God has cleared the fields." The northern and western portion of Texas is a fragment of the Great Plains. The Panhandle of Texas—"The bleached bone laid on the huge heart of the continent"—is the finest example of a plains environment in America and there is nothing to surpass its degree of "plainness" anywhere in the world.

3. *The Great American Desert.* The whole southwestern portion of Texas, from Brownsville to El Paso, is an extension, a northeastern fringe of the deserts of northern Mexico and the most arid portions of the western United States. There are only spots in all this region that can be cultivated successfully without irrigation. From the Big Bend to El Paso true desert conditions exist, save in the high mountains. The low rainfall and the high rate of evaporation combine to place the entire area in the semi-arid or arid class.

Here are the three segments of Texas, the three faces of the eternal triangle. Though I would avoid speaking of the size of the state, or of its parts, I can not do so here because of the significance of area. It is probable that the plains segment is the largest, the woodland area second, and the semi-desert region third in rank. The important point is that each is enormous in size, each large enough to impress its character on its own inhabitants, and upon the state as a whole. None is so small as to be lost or overwhelmed by the other two.

We come now to consider the implications of the existence of these three contrasting environments in *one* commonwealth. The term that best describes the situation is turbulence, not turbulence among human beings but turbulence in nature, among environments. The desert is constantly striving to encroach on the plain, and in drought it does; the forest is likewise attempting to push trees onto the plain, and in wet years it has a measure of success. Drought and rain drive each other to and fro, parching and flooding the land in turn in a way that makes the weather man despair of his prophecy. The eastern clouds thunder and growl fierce intentions in summer, but the thirsty western breezes come racing in like Indian ponies and suck them up without a trace. In winter the blue northers come whooping south like banshees, roaring at Amarillo and perishing in the chaparral this side of Brownsville. The weather comes in from the forests or from the sea, from the desert or from the plain. But wherever it comes from, it is likely to meet a conflicting environment and peter out in shame. Where, no man can predict.

Each of the three regions is a fairly distinct zone of flora and fauna. Pine, hickory, walnut for East Texas; buffalo, mesquite, and gramma for the plains, desert shrub—greasewood, ocotillo, lechuguilla, maguey for the desert. For the forests gray squirrels, fox squirrels, deer—all the forest-loving animals found in the East; for the plains jack rabbits, prairie dogs, antelope; for the desert ground squirrels,

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Gila monsters, and horned "frogs."

We now come to the threshold of history to view man's residence within the eternal environmental triangle which is Texas, and to observe not primarily what he did to the land, but what the experiences he met have done, and are still doing, to him and to his culture. Clark Wissler, the cultural anthropologist, has said that "culture mocks at the boundaries set up by politics" but that "it approaches geographical boundaries with its hat in its hand." Wissler means, I am sure, that men bend politics, but that they bend to environment. Each of the three Texas environments has molded and fashioned its own men, modified their culture, dictated to them whether they should plow or ride or row. The woodland made lumbermen, cotton planters, and small farmers, the plains made cowpunchers, wheat growers, and dry farmers; the desert made sheepherders, cowboys, and irrigation farmers.

Not only are all these men in Texas, but they represent all men in the United States. There is not a way of life, dependent upon nature, in the United States that is not represented in this one state. This means that one can experience in a single state all the experiences that can be found in a great nation, simply because Texas contains a sizeable chunk of each of the three great natural environments of the nation. For good measure it has an outlet to the sea, really a fourth determining factor. It must be said, however, that up to this time Texas has not been salt water conscious. Texans have neglected the sea more than they have any other resource and are almost as insular in psychology as a land-locked middlewestern state.

What I have said means that a Texan can have a national experience without leaving the borders of his own state. He can meet western cattlemen and miners, southern planters, small farmers, and lumbermen in any city; he can observe irrigation farming, dry farming, ordinary farming, at will; he can drive through citrus orchards, cattle and sheep ranches, pine forests, plains and deserts in a few hours and without crossing a state boundary. He can do deep sea fishing in the gulf, shoot alligators in the Sabine or Neches, ride a horse, rope a cow, hunt antelope, or put out to sea, without setting his foot on "foreign" soil. He dwells next door to a neighbor who speaks a foreign tongue. He can become a cosmopolitan by staying at home. It is not strange that he carries himself a little proudly, that he is filled with nostalgia when out of the state, that he has the gracious gift of meeting all men on a basis of equality. He has seen them all in Texas.

The linear history of the state has reinforced the character of the Texan. That history has been noted for turbulence, and that turbulence resulted from a conflict which ensued when in the early days the chosen warriors of the three environments in Texas met in a mad three cornered battle for possession of the state.

The American warrior came from the old states into Texas, warriors from Tennessee, Georgia, Louisiana, and from all the other "old" states. The Plains Indian warrior stood on the edge of the prairie and watched them come with misgivings. Through the deserts of northern Mexico came the warrior of that land, the Mexican. The conflict with the Plains Indians began first and continued longest, until about 1882 when the Texas Rangers had their last skirmish with the Apache Indians in the Diabolo Mountains near El Paso. The fight with the Mexicans broke into open war in 1836. The Anglo-Americans won, set up a republic with a seal, a flag, a land office, navy, army, and a national debt. There were ten years of intermittent conflict with Mexico with a real war at each end of the decade. Then Texas joined the Union, but Texans have never got over the memory of the Republic.

The early disasters of the Texas revolution which culminated at the Alamo and were avenged at San Jacinto have left a lasting mark on Texas psychology. Fighting has never been since the Alamo something to which Texans are averse. Defeat does not appall the Texas spirit. In the siege of Corregidor Texans remembered the Alamo where a few men achieved by their stubbornness glory for a whole people. The supreme sacrifice at the Alamo has done much for the spirit of Texas, of the Southwest and all America. Forty-six days later—April 21, 1836—the Alamo was avenged at San Jacinto. The two events coming so close together emphasize strongly the extremes often noted in the state.

If I have made clear the three-sided nature of Texas, then perhaps I have shed some light on the whole Southwest of which Texas is so large a part. If Texas may be thought of as the place where three great environments and three great culture complexes—the forest, plain, and desert—meet, then the larger Southwest may be thought of as an extension of these three environments and cultures. Therefore a strange land . . . hard to describe . . . this empire . . . this hand flung out.

Man to Man

By Witter Bynner

I

Indian Youth:

OH, there are things I surely understand
Better than any white man in the land!
I know the weathering sky, the weaning heart . . .
Why should I live distinct from you, apart
From the white magic which has made your cities?
Why should I be a waif your custom pities?
I am as wise as you: an Indian, yes,
But I have known the same desiring stress,
The same attachment, wonder, worship, doubt,
Which none of you, though white, can live without.
Freed now from medicine-men, who held my mind
To many superstitions of my kind,
I would know white kind, live as well as you,
I would do all the things that white men do.

II

White Elder:

Come then and learn of us: though first I say
Few white men can receive and use the day
And night as simply, wisely and as well
As your folk can. But which of us shall tell
Whose way is better:—to reveal the gods
In pine-clad bodies and by feathered rods,
To test man's temples with a buffalo-horn;
Or, louder than a thunder-bird is borne,
To match machinery against the sky
For proof that humankind was made to die,
To send man up with steel and wheel and fire,
His wisdom lower but his knowledge higher
In ways of ritual and sacrifice? . . .
Oh, let us face each other and think twice!

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Boss of the Plains

The Story Behind the "Stetson"

LEWIS T. NORDYKE

THERE are thousands of cattle brands, many of them famous in the history of the cattle industry and in literature, but there is only one all-inclusive symbol of the West—the ten-gallon hat. There are famous boots, of course, but many brands and types; there are distinctive leather britches, saddles and horses of many varieties. But there's only one hat. In the West, throughout the whole cattle country, it's the "Stetson."

No other commercial article has had such a lasting effect on the habits and taste of the Westerner. And no other specific trade brand, with the possible exception of the Colt's six-shooter, has been so much a character in the literature of the region. The John B. Stetson hat is the Westerner's trade mark, his crowning glory.

The notion for a distinctive Western hat started struggling in the mind of John B. Stetson one day on a Colorado prairie. Stetson, son of a Philadelphia hatter, was going West in the 1860's to seek a cure for tuberculosis, the plague of hatters. He and a small group of companions, in a trek from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Pike's Peak region, camped in the cold. Talk naturally turned to the subject of shelter, particularly the immediate need of a tent. Tents made of untanned animal skins were exceptionally unpleasant, and Stetson, being a hatter, happened to mention that a fur could be processed without tanning and that cloth could be made without weaving. His companions contested the statement and challenged Stetson to prove it.

With hatchet and improvised tools, Stetson used an age-old process of felting and converted fur from a rabbit skin into felt. The little square of soft fur felt amazed Stetson's companions. For amusement, he fashioned a hat which he considered the best head protector for the rigors of Western weather. It was a big hat, one that would protect a man from rain, sun, cold, wind, and even hail.

Stetson wore the hat and was the talk of the mining camps. Most of the talk was good-natured ridicule—but Stetson had his moment. A rough but handsome horseman rode about the camps one day. He saw the hat and wanted to try it on. Stetson handed over the hat and the horseman placed it on his head. The ex-hatter surveyed the picture. Here was a giant of a man—the western type—in a silver-ornamented saddle on a spirited horse. Stetson liked the effect. The horseman did, too. He gave Stetson five dollars.

About a year later, after Stetson regained his health, he returned to Philadelphia and started making hats—just ordinary hats—which he peddled to the dealers. But the hatted horseman kept riding in Stetson's mind, and he groped for the reason. He looked at the horseman from stirrup to the big hat. For months the hatter fought poverty and worried about the hatted horseman. One night the whip cracked. The horseman looked like a cattle king, the boss of the plains.

Stetson knew the cattle business was gaining headway; he knew, too,

—*Drawing by Jerry Bywaters.*

that cattlemen didn't wear hats, at least any one particular kind of hat. The cattlemen were from every walk of life. Captain Richard King, founder of the King Ranch, which is still the nation's greatest land and cattle empire, was a steamboat captain and had spent his time during the Civil War running the federal blockade. There were no born cattlemen; the industry wasn't old enough. So Stetson reasoned that the cattle kings might be receptive to something new.

THE hatter sat in his dark little upstairs shop at Seventh and Callowhill Street, and mulled over the idea of a hat for the cattle kings. He determined to gamble everything, including his credit and health, on the notion.

Stetson fashioned a big, natural-colored felt hat. The new hat pleased him, and he made a number of them. He named the hat "The Boss of the Plains." Then he sent out the hats as samples to dealers in the Southwest and West and invited orders.

Within three weeks the orders poured in; Stetson's big job became that of making enough hats. The Boss of the Plains caught the eye of the cattlemen; they need in a hat the very things Stetson had needed when he made the hat for Colorado weather. Besides that, the hat looked good; it had a distinctive appearance. The Texas Rangers quickly adopted it. Dealers rushed orders and repeat orders, some of them sending cash and requesting preference. Within a year Stetson abandoned his eastern trade and made only the Western hat. He built a 30 by 100 foot, three-story factory. And the big hats rolled out of Philadelphia.

About the time Stetson got his business going, the longhorns were plodding over the trail to the northern markets, and within a short time the big hat was the one distinguishing thing about the cowman's dress. Moreover, it was the utility piece of the cowboy's wearing apparel. In case of emergency the cowboy carried oats or corn in the crown for his horse; many a cowboy climbed into almost inaccessible places, dipped up water in his hat, and carried it out to his horse; or cupped the brim and used it as his own drinking vessel. A prospector caught in the desert with a leaky canteen conserved his water by pouring it in his Stetson; a ranger caught in a forest fire buried himself in the ground, leaving only his face exposed. He covered his face with his Stetson; when rescuers found him, he was uninjured, but his hat was badly charred.

The Stetson was handy for fanning campfires into life, for blindfolding or whipping stubborn horses, for slapping ornery steers in the face, for fighting grass fires, for replacing broken window panes, for dummy, or actual, targets in gun fights. Then the cowboy brushed it with his elbow and wore it to town or to the Saturday night dance. A Stetson with a bullet hole in it has always been a prize possession with Westerners, and there's a common expression: "You can put a dozen bullet holes in a Stetson and it won't ravel." When you own a big Stetson you don't brag about how new it is but about old it is. Many a Stetson has been in service twenty to thirty years, and a hat that old is a prized family heirloom. A Stetson will take on weight and it will get to the point where you can smell it across the room, but you can't wear it out.

When he died at the age of 76 in 1906, Stetson was making hundreds of thousands of hats each year. Since that time the big 30-acre factory in Philadelphia has increased production to almost 4,000,000 John B. Stetsons annually, but the Boss of the Plains

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remains much the same as the first one. Saddles have changed. Methods of ranching have changed. Cowmen got out of the saddle and stepped into automobiles; now many a ranch has at least one airplane. Everything in the West of the 1870's and 1880's has changed—that is, except the J. B. and perhaps a few cuss-words.

The Stetson is perhaps the most popular character of Western fiction, and has appeared by trade name alone in much of the general literature of the country. A Western story would not be complete, or even plausible, without a few Stetsons every several pages. Will James rarely mentioned the hats of his cowboy characters because, he explained, he figured that everyone interested in reading a Western story knew that a big Stetson was just part of the cowboy.

Universities on the March

JOSEPH A. BRANDT

THE states of the Southwest—Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas—have a common heritage from Spain, but now this heritage is no more apparent than the herds of buffalo which once were hunted from tourist trains. Vestiges of it, it is true, cling to parts of Texas and New Mexico. Oklahoma was only territorially a part of it, and the Spanish explorer, hurrying elsewhere, left no record. But just as in the rest of the section the Anglo-Saxon dominated the Spanish, so were the Five Civilized Tribes absorbed in the Indian Territory, unmourned by all except their Motleys, Grant Foreman, and Angie Debo. Outwardly, most of the Southwest has borrowed with little originality from New England and the Middle States, which furnished so much of the population of the region. Among the university cities, Dallas is like Chicago, only noisier; Tulsa like Hartford; and Norman's university campus is a curious Gothic anomaly on the flat red beds.

There is still in process of resolution the question of which will be dominant, the South or the West. When Oklahoma became a state, a pragmatic approach was suggested in tridividing the state, one part to be White, another Indian, the third Negro. This Pandora's box was happily avoided; but the Indian lost his identity, the Negro was put under Jim Crow law. Urban Texas and Oklahoma tend in the main to be Western, but the rural districts and the communities dependent on agricultural wealth, to be Southern. There are communities, like Norman, Oklahoma, where Negroes may not stay overnight, or where Whites may not stay, as in Taft, Oklahoma. New Mexico and Arizona are definitely Western, although here again we frequently find the indigenous Spaniard an unwelcome presence.

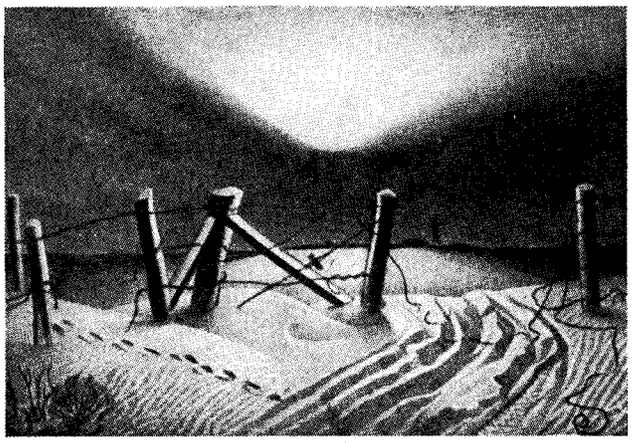
If the Southwest is making a cultural advance it is principally because its colleges and universities have attracted men and women of unusual vision, to whom they have given as much encouragement as their meager resources permitted. But in education the Southwest has suffered greatly from the growing pains of youth and become almost angrily imitative of its older neighbors. Even now, as the confidence which comes with cultural maturity is beginning to reach the region, there are still distressing symptoms of pioneering rigors. Thus the Oklahoma politician is acclaimed a statesman if he can return to his district and proclaim that he has reduced, to the lowest level in the United States, the appropriation for education. In Texas, similarly, a fabulous endowment is available for education, but according to provisions in the state constitution it must be spent only on buildings.

Despite all handicaps, however, the Southwestern atmosphere seems to have an exhilarating effect on those scholars and writers who are infected by it. Thus, at the same time that the universities tend to be carbon copies of older universities, there are encouraging signs of originality in approaching education, of realistic social science in which today means today. The Webbs, the Sears, the Mathews, the Richardsons, Risters, Foremans, working either in universities or through them, have found a métier which has at once challenged their best effort and also produced that best.

The writers and scholars have benefited from the fact that the universities have been publishing sponsors. Southern Methodist University has the *Southwest Review,* and the magazine has kept strictly to its area for its empire. The Universities of New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas in varying degree engage in book publication, while Oklahoma sponsors *Books Abroad,* devoted to non-English language publications.

Hence a vigorous literary life in the region. Perhaps its writers have not always been alert to the great stories—it required Steinbeck to tell the dismal Jeremiad of the dust bowl. The difficulty is not so much that the writers of the Southwest lack vision or courage as that they are living in a vast sociological laboratory which the universities have as yet scarcely touched. The historical approach has seemed more natural. Even the historical approach has had its pitfalls in a climate so recently clouded with the smoke from two-gun man. Nor have the Southwesterners, engrossed in the frequently bitter task of making a living, been always in a mood to turn their society into a clinic.

IT is in this atmosphere that the universities have functioned. In many ways, they have exercised a decisive leadership in a region in which culture has often enough seemed a side show for the much more interesting business of commerce. They have refused to yield to self-seeking leaders and they have exemplified in a striking way the fundamental obligation of universities to society. It is true that they still tremble at the audacious professor who writes too lucidly of problems which society tries to keep around the corner, but to their credit, they seem to breed a substantial number of these courageous persons. Youth, like age, finds the contemporary scene with its dramatic changes a fruitful writing laboratory, and the writing groups you find on almost every southwestern campus have something to say. It is a not unhopeful outlook: perhaps it will be through literature that continental United States may achieve self knowledge, mutual tolerance, and eventually cultural unity.



—*From "Contemporary Art of the United States."*
Dust Bowl, by Alexandre Hogue.

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Scholarship Comes to Life

The University of Oklahoma Press

JOHN JOSEPH MATHEWS

DR. WILLIAM BENNETT BIZZELL came up from Texas to be President of the University of Oklahoma. An eager bibliophile, he brought with him a rather large and interesting library. He found a "College Gothic" plant of red brick and white limestone buildings around an oval. He felt as everyone feels about Oklahoma; that it is a sort of laboratory which invites experiment; a place not bound by tradition. He threw himself eagerly into scholarship and the promotion of it, and always seemed a bit hurt when others, especially members of the Oklahoma legislature, failed to feel as he did about scholarship and its promotion. But he was sincere, eager, undaunted. He carried in his mind, among many other plans for the university, the idea of establishing a university press, an idea that had a touch of daring and brilliance.

For the father of an idea, he displayed unusual restraint. When he had got permission to establish a press, he began to look about for a director. He inquired in the East, but failed to find the man he wanted. He wanted a man to whom he could hand over the press, a man who would work out his own ideas.

His own reasons for having a press were precise, formal, and scholarly. A university press should do two things: it should publish scholarly books that normally would not have the chance to see print through commercial enterprise, and should encourage faculty members and other scholars to write and publish.

One day in Tulsa he went to see a friend who was a publisher, and as they talked the city editor of his friend's newspaper came in; and Dr. Bizzell and Joseph A. Brandt met for the first time. They talked for a few minutes, and the dynamic young editor left. It is probable that Oxford University impresses most scholarly men. In any case, the newspaper friend remarked that his city editor, a Rhodes Scholar, had a couple of degrees from Oxford. Already taken by his energy and personality, Dr. Bizzell was now impressed by Brandt's academic background. A short time after, he offered Brandt the directorship of the press to be established. He pointed to the white canvas on the precise and formal easel and told him to splash his colors on it without restraint from faculty or from the father of the idea. Joe Brandt moved to Norman and went to work. He had to learn what is known about university presses, how to get authors and build a list, and how to live on a small salary.

Learning about presses was just a matter of application to mechanical functioning. He came already equipped for getting authors and building a list, for he had a special kind of fire which he was able to breathe into others. He felt that almost everyone he met had something to say that might make a book.

THE door to his office stood wide open, and visitors with manuscripts under their arms or ideas in their heads came in. Brandt listened to conversation and arguments of all sorts; often they were of little importance or interest. But more often than one would expect Brandt found some spark that could be fanned; some idea that could be expanded into a book or pamphlet. Then with his eyes rather wildly alight he would wheel to his typewriter and dash off an outline. From that moment he fired the imagination of the author, and nursed the manuscript into shape.

Brandt became director of the press in September, 1928. Within a year he had discovered a brilliant young Bostonian, B. A. Botkin, a member of the university faculty, and together they compiled *Folk-Say,* the first installment of a regional miscellany of Oklahoma and the Southwest. As a result, four annual volumes of folk materials were issued; they are considered by many critics one of the most significant of American regional undertakings.

He boldly marched forward into hitherto untouched fields of regional publishing—into southwestern history, the civilization of the American Indian, exploration, economics, government, and philosophy.

During these years when he was learning about publishing books, he worked as a member of campus committees, listened to befuddled students, counseled with authors who had world-shaking manuscripts, and devoted himself to the equally serious business of making roses grow in the often thirsty red soil of his back yard. He became a familiar figure striding across the campus, Sasieni pipe in his teeth. He wrote a book, developed from his Oxford research, and he called it "Toward the New Spain." He often translated a newly arrived Spanish book for review in *Books Abroad,* or worked on the *Sooner Magazine,* the alumni magazine.

—*Drawing by Richard G. Underwood*

Joseph A. Brandt

When eventually the Book-of-the-Month Club discovered the Oklahoma Press and sponsored one of its books,* Brandt was like a man with a bear by the tail. The staff, the mechanism of the press were inadequate for such an order. He talked over long-distance telephone to New York, opened telegrams with his long fingers shaking.

He splashed that formal canvas that Dr. Bizzell had given him with bold strokes and vivid colors, and many sober conservatives wondered if it could be art. Some thought that a board ought to be appointed. The press was in a position like that of the scientist who writes with facility and finds his books have popular appeal.

But Brandt drove straight ahead; he found a botanist and fired him to expression which was timely in the fight against land waste and erosion. "Deserts on the March" was published and Dr. Paul Sears, a brilliant scientist, became known also as a brilliant author.

An assistant came to him about this time who later became director after Brandt's departure to take over the Princeton University Press. Savoie Lottinville was also a Rhodes Scholar. The two men had similar ideas about what a university press should be, but got at the problem differently. Brandt, energetic, quick of decision, was un-

*Mr. Mathews is too modest to state that the book chosen was his own *Wah'kon-tah.* —*The Editor.*

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sefishly interested in other people to the extent of sacrificing his time and his energy to trivial problems. Lottinville was as intensely interested in other people but believed in rules and order.

FROM the beginning in 1928 through the thirteen years to 1942, the press has been run with a consciousness of the fact that Oklahoma and the Southwest are a part of a great democracy, and that, pursuant to the theory of democracy, an institution which is supported by the people of a unit of society must serve those people. Brandt and Lottinville believe that the people of Oklahoma and the Southwest must be made aware of the culture of which they are a part.

Through the medium of press publications, the director believes that scholarship can be served, and that the state and the Southwest can be served, if the expressions of that scholarship are given life and color so that more people can enjoy them.

The various series which the press has published, to bring to realization its hopes, are as diverse as the peoples, soils, and ages which produced them, and in the aggregate represent the culture of the state and the Southwest.

In the Civilization of the American Indian Series, the press has published the manuscripts of an indefatigable documentarian, Grant Foreman, which offer source material for books to be written for the next hundred years. Grant Foreman is possibly the most important interpreter of the culture of the state who has been presented to the state through the press.

There are series on American Exploration and Travel; the land and its people, books on the industrial aspects of the state and the Southwest; history, and folklore. These are the interpretations of men who know the Southwest, or of those who come with the proper preparation, imagination, and sympathy to this part of the world and are struck forcibly by the scene.

Sometimes these interpretations have been colored too strongly by the author's own sympathies, cropping out in the contributions to the industrial aspects and in the Indian Series, but that is to be expected and cannot always be controlled by the director, especially since there are two sources of culture in Oklahoma, the manorial Indian of the eastern half and the cattleman-homesteader of the west, plus the Pennsylvania industrial of the oil producing sections. There are scholars who think of the Indian as an obstacle to the designs of the immigrant Amer-European; and there are those who feel that the Indian has been persecuted and must be championed.

However, by bringing about an understanding of the eastern part by the western and the western by the eastern, the University Press will serve the society which supports it. Its publications are taking their place in the literature of the Southwest, bringing to its people a consciousness of themselves; causing them to see that they are important in the scheme of life in a democracy; contributing to the expression of the nation a rich, unique literature of the plains, hills, desert, arroyo, scrub oak, and cactus.

There is still a scholarly smugness in most of the publications. The scholar has been given a chance to express himself and has done so with tremendous effect, but these expressions have been on what might be called the culture-literature plane. The people of the hills, the blackjacks, the shortgrass, the desert, and the mountain creeks have not yet interpreted the soil through their own idioms, metaphors, dialects, and song. There have been cases of expert rehandling by scholars and excellent interpretation by scholars, but many have been in the cold culture symbols of scholars, and not in the rhythm of the earth; in the sap-filled, living language of the earth.

The encouragement of this expression of the people of the earth is a duty of the University of Oklahoma Press. It will not serve regional expression completely until it becomes an agency for the expressions from the life-bubbling, singing, rhythmical earth.

Texas at War

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

I LEFT home at four o'clock that morning and went downtown. It was cold. A norther had sprung up earlier in the night and the temperature had dropped thirty degrees. It now stood at 18, and the wind sliced through my clothes as if I hadn't any on.

As I passed the all-night cafe where ordinarily two or three people would have been, I saw through the sweat-dimmed glass doors fifteen or so men.

Then I saw the waiting busses, four of them—big ones, interior lights burning—lined up before the City Hall.

I had a sense of *déjà vue*, of having experienced all this before. Then I remembered. It was in the Spanish Civil War. The lorries loaded with men going to the front .The whole thing was there, out of my book-memory, out of "Man's Hope," out of Hemingway.

I went in the cafe and ordered a cup of coffee. Among the group around the stove were the drivers of the four busses. Near me on a stool sat a youth in a brown suit. He was just sitting there, wishing the time would pass, that five o'clock would come.

"You going?" I asked.

He said he was.

"Had any sleep?" I asked.

"No."

The town night watchman came in shivering.

"Let's go out to my car and have a drink," I said. I thought we all needed it. I'd been working all night.

Outside, three whopping drinks killed the half-bottle. The night watchman went back into the cafe. The young man and I drove around the town, up on the hill. I drove past a house where a friend of mine who was also going was spending the night. Inside the house a light was burning, but nobody could be seen. We drove on back to the City Hall, stopped the car, and went in.

There on the long wide stairway were the men who were going. I went on upstairs and leaned against a wall, hearing them talk (there was not much talk), looking at them. I was astonished by the absence of tension, the lack of fear among them, as they were about to plunge into a life that was wholly foreign to them. They were not even nervous enough to be talkative though most of them had had a sleepless night in which to think. They just stood around.

As I looked at them, I knew I was seeing what American democracy and Texas were. I understood better what had happened at the Alamo. This appalling ease of casual fellowship, the almost visible comfort each man drew from the presence of the rest.

Here were boys I'd never seen before in my life, boys that the backwoods had disgorged. How many thousands of miles of furrow had this group plowed, how many hundred cords of wood had it cut?

Near me, in great splendor, stood a man, twenty-eight or thirty, who was obviously a citizen of Virginia City in another era. His hat was black and big. His suit fit with a kind of intentional tightness; his black shirt had white tasseled lacings instead of buttons; the pockets were edged in white, the piping ending in embroidered arrow heads. His sideburns were three inches long, extending forward in points toward his nose. His moustache was precisely in keeping with the rest. Yet his face was not without character.

(*Continued on page* 32)

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UNDER THE STARS ON THE LONG HUNTS the Indians told tales that have never, many of them, been set down in print.. The SPANISH CAPTAINS came into this land of far horizons with their Holy Fathers to chronicle its WONDERS; Riding bold and free on the crest of yet another westward sweep, in the 1800's came the Americans to take the land, to tame it, and claim it for their own... Factual, many of these first writings were, but fashioned with that imagination that has ever lured men to the earth's Far Places... Later, men like Emerson Hough, O. Henry, and Stewart Edward White found in the cowboys, the Mexicans, and outlaws, inspiration for WESTERNS that countless men strive in vain to equal

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So Little Freedom

A New Mexican Story

PAUL HORGAN

ONE morning, after he had been in Taos about a week, young Roger Warrington went into the Plaza Drug Store for a chocolate soda at about half past ten. Just being in New Mexico's Taos was almost enough, he had thought; but his astonishment and delight were almost like being a little sick when he saw, reflected in the soda fountain mirror, the two rather large women come in, followed by the small, spring-footed man with the fiery red beard. Roger could hardly believe his eyes. The three people sat down noisily at one of the drug store tables, ordered soft drinks, and sat regarding each other. There was quite a crowd in the Plaza Drug; nobody paid them any mind but Roger; but his heart was beating fast, and he felt almost weak, because it was unmistakably his favorite novelist, Edward St. David, especially now that he had pulled off his ten-gallon hat, and the thick hair fell fox-red over his incandescent white brow. The soda-jerker took them their drinks, and one of the women said in a comfortable voice, unconsciously loud so everyone could hear, but in a German accent,

"Ja! the chocolate soda is yours, St. David; it will give you cr-r-amps again."

This must be his Austrian wife. Roger had read about their romance, and he gazed at her and felt somehow comfortable about her. St. David screwed up his eyes and merely stared at her, and took the straw into his mouth like a greedy child.

The other woman was impassive; she seemed almost like a governess for the two of them. Roger suddenly knew who she was; it was that rich woman from Boston who had built a medieval castle of adobe out near the Pueblo, with a high wall where at night the lanterns shone deep in the roadway leading to the door; and now everybody came to Taos to visit her, from anywhere, famous writers and painters and publishers and symphony conductors; her name was Mrs. Gerald Boree. Most everybody in Taos was always saying her name, "Mrs. Boree, M'ssB'ree," a sort of refrain of curious respect, except that the young painters who idled in the Plaza spoke of her with comic intention and effect simply as "Bertha." She had left her husband, Gerald Boree the artist, in Rapallo, and had come here alone "to find herself."

St. David sucked air at the bottom of his soda glass, and began to speak to Mrs. Boree, who appeared to be enacting the conception of placidity.

"A new kind of manorial bad manners," he sneered. "My ancestors used to have to put up with getting beaten and robbed and starved and bastardized by the manor folk, who carried on like this in full view of the county, elevated above common decency and poor trouble, as if just and right. This is a new dimension of the same thing. Moving in and taking over a whole town, a damned whole contented and centuries-old secure people, and putting them on like a new rag to wear around your shoulders, to show to the rich and famous and talented and frightful people you drag here from all over the world to see your show, your personal mountains, your private desert, the spiritual reservoir which you did not fill, but only saw others filling and taking from."

In embarrassment Roger lowered his eyes from the big soda fountain mirror where he had seen all. The drug store was full of the mid-morning glisten and drift of casual life. Everybody could hear. Roger was blushing; his ears were like red lampshades, he knew, with light coming through them. When he dared look again, he was astonished to see the group at the round iron table sitting in simple composure. Mrs. Boree was gazing at the great man without resentment, almost with love? do you think? and her face was like a daytime moon under her black hair. Mrs. St. David looked almost bored, a bored lioness, sleepily licking the sweet edge of her chocolate glass. St. David himself was hunched bonily down, sucking on the straw, scowling. And even then, he looked up, and smiled sort of washily, his resentment free, his blue eyes striking out with a look of misery and power which gave Roger a pang in the breast. But the shrill, bitten voice was not yet able to be quiet.

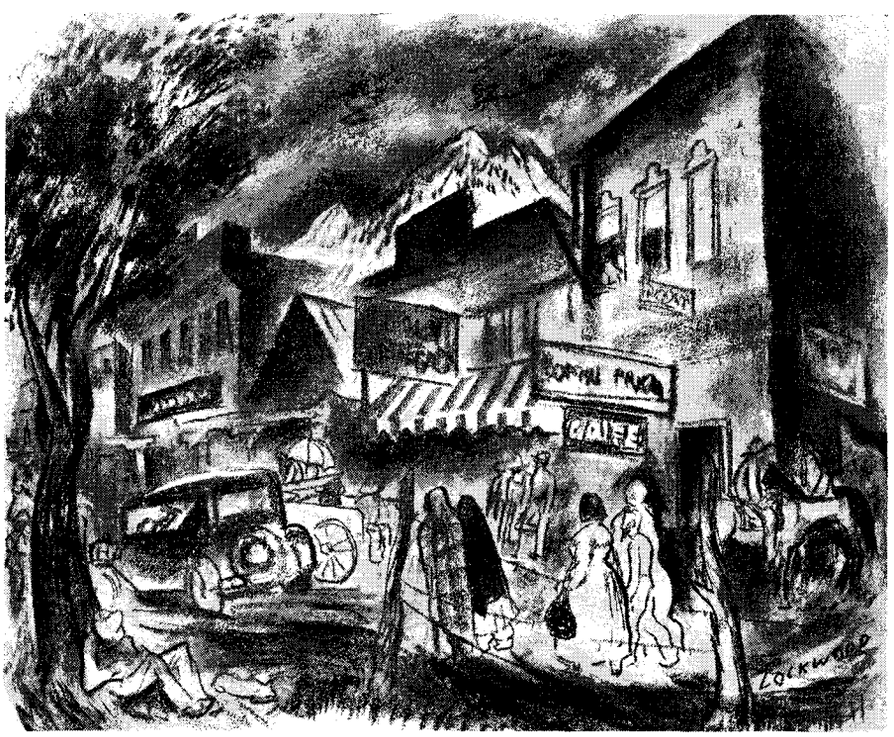
"And do not sit there understanding me with possessive tolerance," he said. "I won't have it. Whatever I owed you I have paid you. I came, did I not? You have exhibited me, have you not? We have had our thrust and parry; I like your damned insolent landscape, and I shall flee it the moment I can afford to, and you shall have suitable credit for discovering my inner appropriateness with it."

"St. David!" said his wife, richly chiding in her Viennese accent, "I beleef it is your manners which are too bad. You are too *bad,* to sit here in vront of all these beople, and show your temper like a stomach-ache."

"Ha!" he cried, turning on her, "if there is one thing worse than to be mooned over, it is to be shut off, like a doll! I know you! Mocking me with your big female calm, waiting . . . "

"Come, Bertha," said Gerda St. David rising. "He is going to be dreadful all day."

Roger saw the three of them leave



—*Drawing by Ward Lockwood.*

"Taos in Them Days"

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Life in Philadelphia, B.K.F.*

**Before Kitty Foyle, Mr. Morley. And we're certain you'll like SUNDAY BEST!*

For a penny you could buy wonderful candy. Each day you could spend hours thinking of what your choice would be. You could get shoestrings. These were four or five thin lengths of licorice. Then there was licorice rolled into a ball with pink and white dots of sugar, and a heavy length of licorice flattened at one end. Sometimes this was a whistle and you blew until you were tired and then you ate it. There were wax whistles too, and guns made of wax. These would last all day. There were sour drops and one big penny ball that changed color as you rolled it about in your mouth until finally there was left only a bit of punk-colored substance with a far-off flavor. There were green spearmint leaves of gumdrop substance . . .

An Indian penny would get you a pocketful of jujubes. Also you could receive a cupful of candy berries molded to represent blackberries or raspberries and containing those flavors. There were Mary Janes and peanut chews and little white mint hearts that said, "I Love You," "Hello Sweetheart," "Call me Bill," "Kiss Me Kid," "Oh you Kid," and "Hey Eddie"...

Mr. Furey was a confectioner and he had his store about two blocks up the pike from ours. My father always said he invented the ice-cream soda. I think Mr. Furey said so too. I know he is not accredited with that honor, but he made a good soda and figured it out for himself before they were ever heard of.

Philadelphians are probably the greatest ice-cream eaters on earth. When I was about five, private rugged individualists were churning out ice cream under their own name such as Mr. Furey, Mr. Hermann, Pailers, and Mr. Franz. Of course there were the other ice creams made by the large companies, such as Breyer's. We always ate pretzels with our ice cream and I still think it's a wonderful custom. If I ordered pretzels with ice cream in New York people would probably watch me closely until I was no longer a customer in their store.

That's just a taste from a very flavorful book—SUNDAY BEST, by John Cecil Holm. Mr. Holm is a successful playwright, author of "Three Men on a Horse," "Banjo Eyes" and many other hits. In this book he tells the story of his childhood in Philadelphia and in Wildwood, the nearby shore resort. But mostly it's the story of his wild, kindly, exuberant, happy-go-lucky Father.

And what a man was Father! Father could do anything, and fix everything. Even when the Wildwood excursion train broke down, with Father on board as a passenger, the train crew stood around disconsolate—but not Father!

"What's up?" asked Father.

"Have to wait for a repair car," one of the men said flatly without going into details.

"Why?" asked Father.

"Broken driving rod," one of the men said.

"Where are your tools?" Father asked, not understanding this indifference.

"All we got is an old hammer," the engineer said.

"What!" said Father in an outraged tone. "Do you mean to tell me that the Pennsylvania Railroad would send you off from Camden to go all the way to Wildwood with only an old hammer?"

Well, Father fixed the broken driving rod—with a piece of wire he commandeered from a farmer's barn. "By chance I happen to have my tools along," said Father, deprecatingly . . . While the train was limping its way to Wildwood, brakemen came through the coaches seeking out the man "who had fixed the engine." Dad slunk down in his seat; he wasn't going to embarrass the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The N. Y. *Times* calls SUNDAY BEST "one of the most engaging of family chronicles, and unusual as well." Father of course is the most colorful figure in this family portrait, but each of the Holms had something special about him that you'll remember with chuckles and affection. They never had much money, but they didn't need much money—with Father around there was always bound to be lots of excitement, and fun. Father was ahead of his time (he was an electrical contractor in the days when houses were lit with gas, and he sold sheet music and harmonicas on the side!) but there's an old-fashioned heartiness to this story of Philadelphia when it was a small town—and perhaps it still is!

SUNDAY BEST

By JOHN CECIL HOLM

Illustrated by
DAVID HENDRICKSON

$2.50 · FARRAR & RINEHART, N.Y.

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YALE

SUN CHIEF

The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian

Edited by Leo W. Simmons

This is, perhaps, the frankest story of a man's life that has ever been written. As a boy, Don C. Talayesva of Oraibi, Arizona, the Sun Chief, went to a white school, but his "familiar spirit" advised him to go back to being a Hopi again. He did, and from then on lived, worshiped, and loved as an Indian. Leo W. Simmons of the Institute of Human Relations in Yale University persuaded him to tell the whole story of his life.

"A fascinating book... marked by a curiously solemn ribaldry in keeping with the author's thoroughly detached and realistic viewpoint."—*Newsweek*

"I think it is one of the best books of this type, perhaps the best one I know of."
—*Bronislaw Malinowski*

$4.25

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The Life History of a Kwakiutl Chief

Clellan S. Ford

"I believe it one of the best in this class... It not only gives the life history of a highly intelligent Kwakiutl individual from the cradle almost to the grave, but also presents a complete sketch of the indigenous culture as seen through the eyes of the informant." Edwin M. Loeb in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.*

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Hubert Herring

"Of this season's bumper crop of Latin Americana, the book that will be read most a year from now."—*William L. Schurz*

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YALE

the drug store, St. David in the rear of the two large women, his new blue jeans sticking stiffly out behind where his bony hams failed to fill them, his head dwarfed like a rabbit's by the tall, ear-like rise of his ten-gallon hat, his rough woolen lumberjack shirt, bright red plaid, bagging pitifully around his thin shoulders and arms with a sort of childish pretension and failure. St. David coughed as he disappeared into the blazing sunshine of the sidewalk crowd. His cough shook him throughout his whole skeleton. Roger Warrington swallowed in sympathy. Then even genius was not free? Could look ridiculous? Was tortured and had to cry out, over even the silliest things?

No matter. Roger's youthful loyalty was truer than that. He had actually set eyes on Edward St. David, and if he accomplished no other thing, his trip to Taos that summer was already worth while.

But his hungers, too, were truer, harder to satisfy than by such a glimpse. He went out to the country where Mrs. Boree's house was, and hung around one whole afternoon; and sure enough something happened. Mrs. St. David came walking out alone, toward the dirt highway, and before he knew it, they were talking together, and he never felt so easy with anybody in his life. She had him saying in two minutes that her husband was his idol, and it didn't make her laugh, or be modest, or anything; she simply said he must come back with her to the house and meet him. Her warmth, her allowance of him, right off, made Roger a little blurred with joy; after all, look who she was, a former countess, and the wife of the greatest living writer, and she said she thought she had seen Roger before, at the drug store? drinking a so-da? *Ja?*

He was too scared to go with her to meet St. David. But he wrung her hand, and she smiled broadly, said she had two sons of her own, and hoped he was a happy boy, "— — are you content, here, in Ta-os?" She didn't wait for him to reply, but went on to say, that he must not break his heart if he didn't have any tal-ent, but go home, and be happy with the good, and dear, kind things at home; sometimes they were hard to find, but ja! they existed, everywhere. She blinked both her light blue eyes at him, and went back up the long road to the house of which so many mysteries were reported in the village, and left him staring after her, startled and moved.

No talent? . . . It had never occurred to him.

That would mean they were right, the others, who were ashamed of him, back home in Whitewater, Texas, and of the love he had in him and could not conceal, but had to reveal as art. Yet how kindly, how immediately, Mrs. St. David seemed to know him.

He didn't know which one he loved more, St. David or his wife. Roger had the disturbing and exciting belief that anything could happen in Taos. Drifting up and down the dried mud streets, he conceived of himself as living the most adventurous life possible. It took so little freedom in the realm of the possible to make him happy. He was blond-headed, as they say in Texas, pink-cheeked, and slow moving. He longed to think and feel and believe as independently as his grandfather had pioneered and killed and colonized.

But when he got back to his room by the alfalfa field, he found a letter from his mother, Texas-Anne. It was an edict. Big Roger said if he did not take the next bus out of Taos, they would never send him any more money, and they were going to settle once and for all about this thing. And Grandfather had deeded his stock in the Bank to Little Roger, and if he came right home, and went to work in the Bank, and learned the business, they'd put him on the Board of Directors on his twenty-first birthday. So wouldn't he do this, hon? just for her? She missed her little baby boy, and was sure he couldn't bear to refuse Texas-Anne the only thing she ever asked of him?

His exultation vanished. He bitterly

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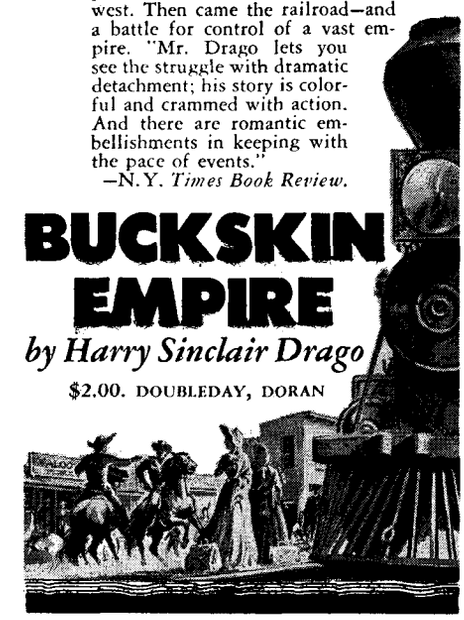

BUCKSKIN EMPIRE

by Harry Sinclair Drago

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thought of how both Mrs. St. David and his mother had in effect asked him to do the same thing. How could they both be right about him? He dawdled for several days, not even answering the letter. He still had enough money for a while, even if they never gave him another cent. He said to himself that he was too upset to paint. He found himself hanging around in front of Mrs. Boree's gateway; or out in the fields beyond her house; or down in an arroyo from which everything was out of sight but the tip of the blue mountain. Approaching the place, one afternoon, he heard St. David talking, and he could not go away. In a moment he saw St. David, and that he was talking to a large sandy-looking cow.

"Life uncritical; life absolute; life abstract," he was saying, almost in song. "You ruminate and gestate and let your generous bag to anyone who desires it. Oh purity of un-thought! Heavenly vacuity!"

But he knew whenever anyone was looking, and he turned swiftly on Roger, and slitted his blue-eyed glance suspiciously. Roger stammered something, and started away, but St. David began to laugh,a high delighted laugh.

"The drug store baby!" he cried, "Gerda told me you came to call the other day and then dwindled off in a storm of nerves. . . . I wouldn't bite you. . . . I have been having the sweetest of all arguments with my cow here, a one-sided argument. Come here!"

St. David took his hand.

"Why is your hand cold?"

Roger explained that—that he was excited, meeting this way after years of admiring him from afar.

"Rot."

St. David sat down on a clump of salt grass and waved Roger before him. In a twinkling, Roger was pouring out his troubles, and St. David was nodding, as if ahead of him in the tale. His eyes smouldered and began to fire. His spirit always burned at the news of cruelty, of anyone's hope being maimed; and he interrupted Roger by jumping up and walking away and coming back.

"Never, never, never, *never* give in!" he almost shrieked. It took all his strength, and he began to cough. He hugged his wracking ribs and bent over, and the coughs traveled up from the ground and shook him as if he were a fiery red cat in the grasp of a huge dog. Roger was alarmed, but St. David managed to wave off his concern. In a little while the seizure was over, and in the sunlit silence they met each other with little smiles. In that recuperative quiet, another voice then sounded. It came from the rim of the arroyo above them. It said, coolly, musically,

"Well if you need proof there it is, Edward. If you will waste yourself on everything else but the one thing that matters, which is your work, which I could protect for you—"

It was Bertha Morgan Boree, looking down upon them impassively. But her eyes had lights of ire in them, and she looked from the boy to the man and back again. Roger thought she even looked jealous, but he at once said to himself *that* was a crazy idea.

St. David seemed for a moment too outraged to speak. When at last he could he was so controlled he was more terrifying than he was in his outbursts.

"You have been watching me in secret," he said. His voice was thin with contained rage. "When will I ever learn to believe my wife! Nobody could have seen me come here otherwise. It is all I needed to know. — — Come along, you, lad, we will finish talking in the fields, in broad view of a purer heaven."

He turned and scrambled up the opposite slope of the arroyo with costly energy. The dirt flew down under his hands and feet. Roger clambered after him, astonished at the power within that delicate frame.

"Edward! Oh, *do* be sensible and

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careful," called Mrs. Boree, raising her voice but still sounding most cultivated. "How you misunderstand me! I only feel a duty — —"

On the opposite edge of the red arroyo he turned and made an obscene gesture at her across the gap, and then fled to the fields, walking loosely and with incredible speed. Words trailed back over his working shoulders to Roger, angry words, foul, excretory. At last, a long way across the field, they stopped, and turned, and looked. The bulky figure of the woman was still at the arroyo. Her hands were to the sky. She was posed like a priestess. Roger was impressed. Feeling that, St. David said to him,

"She knew we would turn to look."

They walked on in silence for a quarter of an hour, and the calm of the day, the desert scent, wry and pungent, the peace of the looming mountain, the gold of the wheat in the fields before the Pueblo, which was darker gold in the sunshine, came back into them, and St. David finally said to the boy,

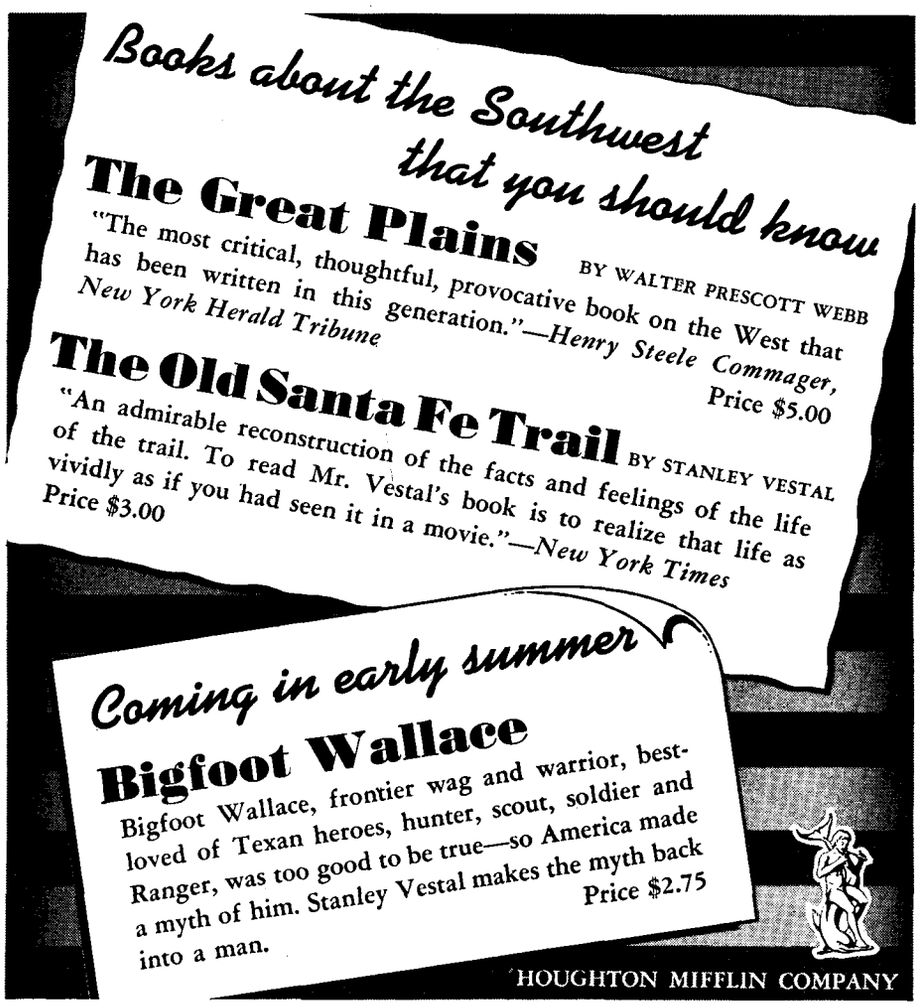
"Well, *I* never, never, never, never gave in, and I never shall, *I would rather be killed by what I am than what somebody else wants me to be.*"

His eyes in the white face, under the dark red bang, raked and swept Roger with a sort of rough compassionate tenderness. He seized the boy's hand and crushed it in his, and then he nodded, saying "Goodbye, Goodbye, we know each other now, those things keep. Goodbye!" He turned and walked away in a solitude which defied further intrusion.

III

That night Roger slept out on the roof of the adobe house where he was living. It was a sort of ritual, under the stars of Taos, farewell, made of joy and grief both. One thing he was sure of. It took a "genius" to say that about *never, never, never, never*: and he vaguely felt that he had been *through* something, but he wasn't quite clear about what it was. He lay awake a long time, thinking of everything he had seen and done in Taos, where he loved the busy, commercial, gregarious to-do about "art."

But he knew, too, after those brief but somehow total glimpses of the St. Davids, yes, and of Mrs. Boree, that there were trials he had never suspected about art in the souls where it lived, and required delivery. He fell asleep at peace, knowing that he carried no fires within him such as were consuming Edward St. David; and the next day he went back to Whitewater, Texas, and the Bank.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Fighting Tribe

AN APACHE LIFE-WAY. The Economic, Social, and Religious Institutions of the Chiricahua Indians. By Morris Edward Opler. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1941. 478 *pp., with bibliography, index.* $5.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

MR. OPLER'S description of the Chiricahua Apaches as they were in the old days, with its interesting technique of massing the Indians' own statements to speak for themselves, is a valuable work. The author has attempted to give his description unity, and hence general interest, as a non-scientific writer would do, by building his description around a theme, in this case the process of "becoming an Apache" which an individual Indian goes through as he is born, grows up, grows old.

Unfortunately the necessity of inclusiveness frustrates the execution of an excellent idea. One does not follow a child, but all children, girls as well as boys, with pauses for long discussions of the parents. The children do not become adults, the reader is transferred to the subject of adulthood, and as all aspects of the culture must be covered, the projected unity becomes, and remains, lost.

This is a description of the past and most of the informants' statements are reminiscences, but for some reason the author has chosen to put everything in the present tense. The effect is stilted and sometimes confusing, and also leads in the editing of what the Indians said, to two tenses in one sentence, particularly where subjunctives are involved.

Nonetheless this is a completely reliable and fairly readable account, and in no small degree an explanation of one of the great fighting tribes of all time. It is not usual for scientists even to try to give coherence and interest to non-popular descriptions; Dr. Opler should be thanked for trying, and we can hope he will have greater success with his further, related books.

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New Mexicana

E. L. DeGOLYER

THE cartographers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, whimsically uncertain as to whether California might be an island and still delightfully undecided as to whether the Rio Grande emptied into the Gulf of Mexico or that of California, were wont to label the great vague land lying to the north of Mexico as New Mexico or New Granada. Boundaries became more definite as exploration progressed, but for another century New Mexico was limited on the west by a thin coastal California, on the east by a Greater Florida whose common boundary might be the Mississippi, the Sabine, the Rio Grande, and on the north, vaguely, by Canada.

Restriction of political boundaries reduced the area of New Mexico until, with the organization of Arizona in 1863 and the transfer of certain lands to Colorado a few years later, it was left essentially in its present form; and so the collector of books about New Mexico has historical warrant for regarding his field, if not coincident with the entire Southwest, as representing the heart and essence of that attractive land.

The earliest book on the Southwest is the fascinating account of the misfortunes, enslavement, and miracles of the survivors of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition who struggled across the continent from Florida to the Gulf of California, 1528-1536. Only three copies are known of the earliest edition, *"La relacion que dio Aluar nuñez cabeça de vaca"* (Zamora, 1542), so that the most exacting collector will probably have to be satisfied with the same author's *"La relacion y commentarios"* (Valladolid, 1555), or even with the Buckingham Smith translation of *"La relacion"* (Washington, 1851, or New York, 1871) each limited to an edition of 100 copies, or Fanny Bandelier's translation, "The Journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca" (New York, 1905).

The available original accounts of the early exploration of New Mexico were assembled and presented by George Parker Winship in "The Coronado Expedition," 1540-1542 (Fourteenth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1896) and in his "The Journey of Coronado" (New York, 1904). The recent celebration of the Coronado Cuarto Centennial, leading to renewed attention to this interesting subject, has resulted in the publication of George P. Tammond and Agapito Rey's "Narratives of the Coronado Expedition, 1540-1542" (Albuquerque, 1940) and A. Grove Day's study of the expedition, "Coronado's Quest" (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1940).

All the preceding books are potential foundation stones to a book about to be published. While I should like, therefore, to write about those early guide books—Benavide's "Memorial" (1630), long handsomely available in facsimile and translation by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer (Chicago, 1916), and Pedro Baptista Pino's report to the liberal Cortes, *"Exposicion Sucinta y Sencilla de la Provincia del Nuevo Mexico"* (Cadiz, 1812), with its revisions by Barreiro's *"Ojeada"* (Puebla, 1832), and Escudero's *"Noticias Historicas y Estadisticas"* (Mexico, 1849) all happily about to be published in translation by The Quivira Society; I am sure that I do readers a greater service by recommending "New Mexico, a Guide to the Colorful State" (New York, 1940) of the American Guide Series.

No description of New Mexican books can fail to highlight the doughty Capitan Gaspar Perez de Villagra's *"Historia de la Nuevo Mexico"* (Alcala, 1610). This metrical version of the

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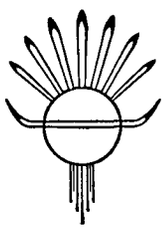

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Onata expedition, published three years after the founding of Jamestown and ten years before the Pilgrims landed on Cape Cod, claims the distinction of being the first published history of any American commonwealth. Espinosa's translation was published by The Quivira Society in 1933, but again I should perhaps rather recommend Paul Horgan's charming "The Habit of Empire" (Santa Fe, 1939), adequately published by the Rydal Press and by Harper & Brothers.

The reader may enjoy Siguenza y Gongora's *"Mercurio Volante con la noticia de la recuperacion de las Provincias del Nuevo Mexico"* (Mexico, 1693), the account of the Spanish reconquest, after the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, by the Governor and Captain-General don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon. This also is available in facsimile and translation (The Quivira Society, 1932).

Two more Spanish titles before we get to the Kit Carsons and Billy the Kids. It will be remembered that the first printing press in North America was established in Mexico City more than four centuries ago—almost a century before a press was established within the present limits of the United States. It was not, however, until the era of political disturbance which culminated in Mexican independence in 1821 that printing spread to the frontier provinces. The first printing press came to New Mexico in the Santa Fe caravan of 1834. There is uncertainty with regard to the ownership of this press for certain periods, but most of the time it was owned by that redoubtable politico of Taos, Father Antonio José Martínez. Some of the imprints are so rare as to be known only by title, but two of the more important publications were "Kearney's Code," *"Leyes del Territorio de Nuevo Mexico"* (Santa Fe, 1846), and *"Historia Concise del Cura de Taos Antonio José Martínez"* (Taos, 1861), by "El Historiador," doubtless an autobiography.

Earliest of the American books are the narratives of travelers, explorers, and Mountain men. Notable among these accounts are Zebulon Montgomery Pike's (Mungo-Meri Paike to the harassed New Mexican officials) "An Account of Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi, and Through the Western Parts of Louisiana to the Sources of the Arkansaw" (Philadelphia, 1810), James Ohio Pattie's "The Personal Narrative" (Cincinnati, 1831), Albert Pike's "Prose Sketches and Poems, Written in the Western Country" (Boston, 1834), and General Thomas James's "Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans" (Waterloo, Ill., 1846).

To this period also belong George Wilkins Kendall's "Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition" (New York, 1844) and the exceedingly rare Thomas Falconer's "Expedition to Santa Fe" (New Orleans, 1842).

If choice were limited to but one early American book on New Mexico, it would fall on Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies," 2 vols. (New York, 1844), the classic of the Santa Fe trade, which must ever hold a foremost place in the annals of frontier life. A collector, however, cannot overlook lesser items, such as Colonel Henry Inman's rare "The Old Santa Fe Trail" (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1897) or Inman's even rarer "Stories of the Old Santa Fe Trail" (Kansas City, 1881).

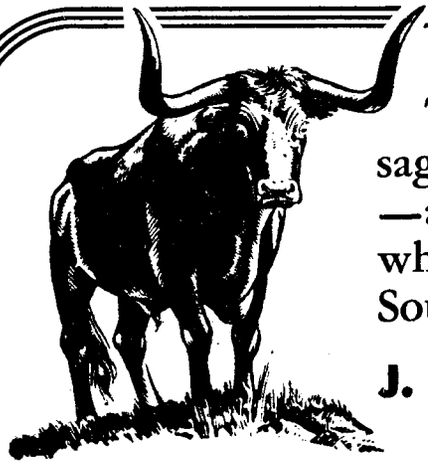
Among books to be republished but never to be replaced are Lewis H. Garrard's "Wah-To-Yah and the Taos Trail" (Cincinnati, 1850), sumptuously reprinted by The Grabhorn Press in 1936 and again by Arthur H. Clark in 1938, and George F. Ruxton's "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains" (London, 1847), as well as Ruxton's posthumously published "Life in the Far West" (London, 1849). Garrard, "the boy traveler," was barely seventeen when he started for the Plains and Rockies in 1846. Ruxton, the studious young lieutenant on leave from Her Majesty's 89th Regiment, and possibly on a secret mission of was with Garrard's party on the Purgatoire. These two ardent, accomplished young men did more to picture the life, the customs, the habits, and speech of the Mountain men than all others combined. The definitive study of the fur trade, of which the Mountain men were so essentially a part, however, is Hiram Martin Chittenden's "The American Fur Trade of the Far West," 3 vols. (New York, 1902).

De Witt C. Peters's "The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains" (New York, 1858) is an important biography of one of the state's most noted citizens.

The most interesting part of the story of the American occupation of New Mexico is largely the story of a frontier Xenophon, Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, and of his famous Missourians. One may hover in indecision over the date and precedence of various editions of John T. Hughes, "Doniphan's Expedition: Containing an Account of the Conquest of New Mexico" (Cincinnati, 1847), or simply enjoy Frank S. Edwards's "A Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan" (Philadelphia, 1847), or P. St. Geo. Cooke's "The Conquest of New Mexico and California;an Historical and Personal Narrative" (New York, 1878). Another "must" of the early American period is W. W. H. Davis's "The Spanish Conquest of New Mexico" (Doylestown, Pa., 1869).

Age is not the key to rarity, as every book collector knows. John G. Bourke's "The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona" (New York, 1884), Alexander M. Darley's "The Passionists of the Southwest or The Holy Brotherhood Revelation of the Penitentes" (Pueblo, Colorado, 1893), Frank Hamilton Cushing's "Zuni Breadstuff" (New York, 1920)—these are but a few of the interesting and important books which merit the collector's attention.

Outstanding in this category is "The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid, The Noted Desperado of the Southwest" (Santa Fe, 1882). The author of this interesting bit of Wild West trivia is Pat F. Garrett, whose smoking revolver cheated the noose, and the book is so rare that I have seen it but once.



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"Rattlesnake Pete"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DURABLE SINNER. By Owen P. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 366 *pp., index.* $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT GAMBRELL

SINCE H. L. Mencken discovered him in 1923, Owen P. White has operated on a national scale as a sort of personification of the old-fashioned, personalized, Southwestern journalism, with first the *American Mercury* and the New York *Times,* and then *Collier's Weekly* as his principal sounding boards. Forthright devotion to Sin—almost every kind, except the covert variety practised by the Good and the Great—a penetrating, non-objective mind, and a facility for colorful and flavorsome prose, have made possible for him a thoroughly unorthodox career.

The "Autobiography" is arresting reading, not so much for the record it unfolds, as for the revelation of a type of mind and a turn of character. "As my father taught me to do, I was always looking for the worm in the apple," he says, and continues: "All my life I had generally found it." "I was exactly like a twelve-year old outlaw horse on the range. I couldn't be 'broke' to travel either under saddle or in the harness. If I had an opinion —and I did have, on nearly every subject known to man—I had to express it or bust." There you have Mr. White's philosophy and his rule of action—and writing. In the drab plain of autobiographical writing, this book is refreshing for its lustiness and unblushingness and for the unerring way in which the author writes himself down a harder customer than he probably is. There is not a dull page in the thirty-nine chapters of the book.

Born in an adobe hut at El Paso in 1879, when forty Americans held six-shooter sway over about five hundred Mexicans, Owen P. White spent his first eight years along the Mexican border in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The next twenty years he lived in El Paso, watching with growing sorrow the transformation of the town, until he could bear it no longer.

In his youth he observed more violence than most men see in a long lifetime. He knew John Wesley Hardin (and was one of the first to reach his dead body in 1895), and Kitty Freeman and Alice Abbott, and, above all, the irresistible Mrs. Tuck. He early decided that reformers have a smell of their own, "a cross between the odor of sancity and a polecat." When El Pasoans who all their lives had rolled their own, drunk their whiskey straight, and talked freely to the world, began voluntarily to smoke twenty-five cent cigars, shave daily, boast of a cold shower every morning, change their clothes twice a day, and began to play golf, that was the end. El Paso was too "nice" for him. The world, henceforth, was to be his parish.

He had his fling at high finance, in Mexico and in New York, barely escaped becoming a lawyer, established a farm, operated a ranch, and watched the Madero revolution, which struck him as a fearful tragedy.

Brief service on the *Army and Navy Register* ended with enlistment in the A.E.F. He was saved from the crushing humiliation of receiving a commission by the signing of the armistice, hurried home, married Hazel "Mike" Harvey, and launched himself on a writing career. First a column in the El Paso *Herald,* then a volume of verse, and finally a combined history and "mug book" of El Paso which attracted the notice of H. L. Mencken and was followed by an invitation from the editor to contribute to his *American Mercury.*

Sheriff A. Y. Baker and R. B. Creagor of Brownsville, major actors in the Mexican drama, Ma and Pa Ferguson, Governors Allred and Moody, and John N. Garner, and a host of miscellaneous Texans are mentioned; President Roosevelt, Josephus Daniels, Harold Ickes, and a host of New Dealers, and of course the editorial staff of *Collier's,* receive attention.

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TEXAS AT WAR

(*Continued from page* 21)

I felt sure he'd made a good soldier.

Nearby was a youth in thin, blue, cotton breeches, a light, cheap, unwarm jumper, an old straw work hat. This was January, remember, and cold. His clothes were the worst there and I knew he was ashamed of them, that their shameful cheapness was more important to him than that they didn't keep him warm. And yet he didn't shrink away. He stood straight among the others, and I doubted if he'd ever be called upon for a greater display of guts. I liked him and silently wished him well.

Most of the other boys' clothes were cheap. Few of them had suits. Most of those that did had eleven-dollar suits from Sears, Roebuck. Most of them looked as if they didn't know too much about the war. Chiefly they looked like boys not keenly informed, but boys you'd like to soldier with, boys with a kind of countrified dependability.

I saw the town tough-nut. I thought he'd make a fair soldier. I saw the town ne'er-do-well, thief, drunkard, knife fighter, swindler, and liar. I thought he would make a bad soldier. I knew what his name would have been at the Alamo. There were dozens of boys whom he might have thought of as sissies whom I'd rather have stand back to back with me in a fight.

What were these boys here for? Because they'd been told to come. In the main, there was no question about that. A few, of course, had wanted to go earlier, but had family obligations, perhaps to help an aging father make a crop. But now the choice was no longer theirs to make.

All of the Mexican boys looked healthy and intelligent. Those in whom the Indian strain was most visible were magnificent. Hardships that would break most men would not destroy these Mexican-Indian lads. Some people, forgetting the fighting qualities of the Spaniards and the Indians, might minimize these boys. I was thankful they weren't our enemies.

Across the hall was an old German with his baby. I knew the lad beside him was the old man's baby, the last child he could have bred. They never spoke to each other because they would not have known what to say. The little old man had pink-and-white cheeks, round eyes, a white, handlebar moustache. His son, the only frightened boy there, had obviously grown up close to the family hearth somewhere deep in the country. Like his father he was quite small. His little hat helped to make him look silly. The expression on his face was one of deferential attention to this simple, but to him obviously confusing, scene. If anyone bumped his arm, the brushing touch shocked him hard inside. Quickly, brittlely, uncomprehendingly, he'd smile, without moving, never leaving his father's side, clinging on, inside himself, to his father's presence.

I hoped to God the Army would reject this boy.

My friend came up the steps. I asked him how he was feeling.

"Topnotch," he said.

I moved away. There was no use in doing a lot of talking.

A man came out of an office with a pad and pencil in his hand.

"All right, men," he said, "answer to your names and be assigned to busses."

He had a loud, solid voice and when he hit the newly established silence with those names, they spread like dum-dum bullets—good Texas names, fighting names.

"Jim Ferguson Clampett"!

"Here."

"Bus Number One."

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Sales Diplomacy

THE MAN WHO SOLD LOUISIANA. By E. Wilson Lyon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1942. 240 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LON TINKLE

CAREER diplomats have a way of being colorless, of leading uninteresting lives. Their greatest virtue is often merely flexible adaptability, swift adjustment to new administrations. They live at the periphery of high events, and their very adaptability usually removes dramatic conflicts from their personal histories. Dr. Lyon's able, exact, and tasteful resurrection of an early specimen of the type is a case in point.

For the man who sold Louisiana, in this book, is not Napoleon, but his agent, François Barbé-Marbois. This transfer of territory, one of the most significant perhaps in history, was self-confessedly the most memorable feat in a long career of public service that spanned the transition from the *ancien régime* to the Restoration—a diplomatic career of sixty-eight years that knew how to maintain itself under Louis XV as well as Napoleon, under the Revolution as well as under the Restoration.

Not that the transaction of the Louisiana purchase was not a memorable feat. Most Americans still hold the view that this was a brilliant stroke of our representatives, Livingston, Madison, Monroe, and Jay, but Dr. Lyon shows both that Napoleon saw the handwriting on the wall and that his agent was an expert horse-trader. Napoleon instructed Barbé-Marbois to hold out for fifty million francs: the latter asked for a hundred million and got eighty of them. This for a piece of territory that was about to become an empty title, for Napoleon already considered the Colony completely lost. More than the matter of money, Napoleon wished to thwart his enemies and to win the adherence of a growingly powerful republic.

This, of course, is only one aspect of the many-sided career of this "moderate in a time of revolution." Dr. Lyon's biography is as factual as one could wish, but always present is a deep concern with the intellectual biography of the age and the effort to locate the figure in the mental climate of his times. The result is a solid and valuable portrait of a man, with many overtones of the larger meaning of an epoch.

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Texas Revolution

STAR OF THE WILDERNESS. By Karle Wilson Baker. New York: Coward McCann. 1942. 600 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SAM ACHESON

GENERAL TAYLOR is reported to have said that the Texans who fought under him in the Mexican War were neither cowards nor gentlemen. Mrs. Baker's skillfully realized picture of pioneer Texas on the eve of and during the revolution from Mexico goes far to explain the West Pointer's reaction.

Magnolias bloom and zephyrs from the Gulf blow in this book, for climate and flora are no respecters of man-made boundaries. But only in small part is "Star of the Wilderness" another novel of ante-bellum Southern life. The characters real and fictional are far too uninhibited and unpredictable, the sweep of events far too violent, to be fitted into a comedy of manners. Yet the novelist approaches her material with urbane standards. The seven or eight turbulent years of the story are seen through the eyes of her heroine, the gentle and cultivated Jessie MacAlpine. The result is a fresh insight, even for the most historically-minded of Texans, into the hearts, the motives and the actions of those who snatched the infant Republic of Texas from the clutches of the serpent and the eagle.

The plot as such is deceptively simple. It is scarcely more than a slice out of the chronicle of the family of Paul MacAlpine who contracted "the Texas fever" in 1829 and set out with his wife and two children from their Ohio valley farm. The locale is principally in and around Nacogdoches, capital of the hilly, wooded Redlands famous for a century before the Anglo-Americans came into "the Spanish land." Here the heroine struggles to keep her home and family together even as the approaching revolt from Mexico threatens with cyclonic force to disrupt the lives of all the settlers. Tragedy as well as happiness trample over each other in this family chronicle as it moves to a climax in the revolution itself.

In the concluding part of the book Mrs. Baker achieves a most difficult feat, the satisfactory integration of real battles and campaigns in the larger framework of her romance. The more familiar and therefore somewhat stereotyped events of the fall of the Alamo and the Battle of San Jacinto are brought in only by indirection. Instead, the novelist places in sharp new focus such turning points as the capture of San Antonio by the Texans late in 1835, the wiping out of the Texan outpost at Refugio, the panic-stricken flight of the colonists after the fall of the Alamo, and the massacre at Goliad.

Mrs. Baker does belated historical justice to Dr. James Grant, the misunderstood Scot whose connection with both Coahuila and Texas long caused him to be suspect in the eyes of the Texas revolutionists. "Star of the Wilderness" for the first time gives Nacogdoches and Eastern Texas their rightful prominence in the events of early day Texas. This is the best fictional account of the Texas revolution that has yet appeared.

"New West"

THREE NEW MEXICO CHRONICLES. The Exposición *of Don Pedro Bautista Pino 1812; the* Ojeada *of Lic. Antonio Barreiro 1832; and the additions by Don José Agustín de Escudero, 1849. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by H. Bailey Carroll and J. Villasana Haggard. Albuquerque: The Quivira Society.* 1942. 342 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by ALFRED B. THOMAS

WITH the emphasis on a world outlook, we shall probably revise certain concepts of our own history. It would be interesting to include the seventeenth century mathematician who surveyed the northern rim of the Gulf of Mexico; the Austrian missionary who recorded the beginnings of Arizona; the eighteenth century Inca Indian, an historian of Florida, or the Franciscan father who sketched two hundred years of Texas history by 1779 and those who wrote of California after 1769. These examples by no means exhaustively indicate that 1803 is hardly the date to begin Western history.

Pino's account reviewed here is not a literary curiosity, but a link in the chain of histories of the West. What is quaint is the myopic belief that our buckskin "pathfinders" discovered new lands. New Mexico, older than Virginia, produced in 1812 according to Pino, corn, wheat, vegetables, wool, cotton, wine, sheep, calves, goats, besides mules and horses, and supported a mining industry, Pueblo weaving and pottery making, a system of landholding, European and prehistoric. Its trade, besides that with Mexico, totalling over one hundred thousand *duros* drew more heavily upon Asia and Europe than upon the United States.

Besides its thoroughgoing picture of New Mexico up to 1849, this volume emphasizes that the area has only been "in the West" for the last ninety years; before that, under Spain, it was always in the North. Too, it is apparent that the province did not originate with caravan traders out of St. Louis, though these find mention, but came from a northward movement of mining, cattle, sheep, together with all that made up a segment of Old Mexico's culture.

To Pino's "Exposición," submitted to Spain's Cortes in 1812, José Agustín de Escudero added Barrerio's 1832 account of the province's history, geography, government, resources, and political organization under Mexico, which, with his own notes on nearby Indian cultures, he published in 1849. Now these, translated by Carroll and Haggard together with their voluminous notes and reproduction of the original documents, constitute one of the most valuable studies published in the Series of the Quivira Society under Dr. Hammond's able editorship.

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Drama of the Southwest

JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

IT is of no great significance, but it is perhaps indicative of attitudes in the Southwest, that the city of Houston, Texas, had a theatre before it had a church. In the early days, when people got together after the loneliness of the frontier, they craved to be amused. Touring companies frequently made the hazardous journey by water from the United States to the coastal towns of the Gulf, and inland where these were not available, amateur productions in which the spirit of fun was the chief virtue, were accepted in that spirit. In the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth, famous stars and less famous—among them Edwin Booth, Frederick Ward, James O'Neill, the elder Barrymores, the Drews, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lillie Langtry—were as eagerly attended in their trouping as they were in the rest of the land.

Any creative expression in dramatic form, sufficiently vigorous to merit more then passing local attention, however, is a recent manifestation. It came about under the same impulse that made our painters realize the land about them could be really exciting to paint and our storytellers perceive that the extraordinary variety of civilizations that have flowed together here, is of high human interest. Inadvertently, also, it happens to be a product of little theatre activity which in the twenties spread like a rash over this region.

Only this spring a volume of dramas, "Three Southwest Plays," was published in Dallas which in striking fashion proves that if original productions have been numerically few playwrights of this region have seriously felt the urge to express themselves, and that their work has found a responsive audience. A remarkable thing about these plays is that in the whole range of American dramatic literature, it would be difficult to assemble three plays more completely varied in theme and mood.

Anyone who has followed the non-professional theatre knows that the vitality which expressed itself in community theatres a dozen years ago has largely passed into the dramatic departments of colleges and universities. The Southwest has reflected this shift. In 1938 an ambitious dramatic department was organized at the University of Texas under the direction of James Parke, where not only have old and contemporary plays been produced, but where E. P. Conkle, the Iowa dramatist—author of "Two Hundred Were Chosen" and "Prelude to Glory"—has been playwright in residence. Mr. Conkle has been practising his craft as well as conducting courses in creative writing. His play "Johnny Appleseed" was presented last year at the University and another new script, "Bill and the Widowmaker," is in rehearsal for production this spring.

Somewhat less elaborate in its set-up is the dramatic department of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, but it deserves special mention because of its activities under the direction of Paul Baker. Mr. Baker is a native Texan, who after studying at Yale and wandering around the world has returned to his native state fired with a creative urge that promises exciting things. Under his leadership and from a design worked out by him, Bayor University has just erected a theatre on its campus that is unique. As well as the traditional stage facing the audience, this theatre has stages on either side of the auditorium and the seats are comfortable swivel chairs that can be turned to face whatever stage is in use. It is even entirely practical to use the back of the theatre for stage action if the occasion arises.

This highly original design which grew out of the problems in staging R. E. Sherwood's "Abraham Lincoln," does not in any way handicap the use of the theatre as a conventional playhouse. It simply adds vastly to its flexibility and resources for stage experimentation. It may be added that these extra stages were achieved with surprisingly small additional cost to the price of erecting one more building in the rigid theatre tradition.

So favorably impressed has the Rockefeller Educational Foundation been with what Mr. Baker is accomplishing, that last fall the Foundation made it possible for Lynn Riggs, the Oklahoma playwright, to spend three months in Waco in intimate association with the students and teaching a course in creative writing. During the coming year Mr. Baker hopes to import another personality distinguished for creative work in the theatre for similar contact with his students.

The little town of Albany in west Texas is achieving a kind of celebrity for two unusual dramatic events that take place there annually. Robert Nail, scion of one of the large land-owning families in the community, is a writer and gentleman of the theatre who has chosen to keep Albany his home. Each year since 1938, Mr. Nail has written an evening for the theatre which he gives the general title of Fandango. It is a combination of parade, pageant, and episodic scenes linked together by a narrator over a loud speaker. Two hundred and fifty townspeople and people from neighboring ranches take part in this outdoor performance, supervised in all details by Mr. Nail. And such is the interest in the spectacle that Albany—a town of 2,000 people—furnished an audience of 1,800 spectators.

As well as "Fandango" presented each June, at Christmas M. Nail offers a "nativity play" which he has written presenting episodes from Bible history.

At the University of Oklahoma, for some years Rupel Jones has been carrying on the accepted tradition of university dramatic activities, while at Houston, Texas—not one community theatre but two flourish under the energetic direction of a young Texan named Margo Jones. If Houston, in the early days, had a theatre before it had a church—a hundred years before the town of Houston was dreamed of, San Antonio had its chain of Spanish missions which can still be seen there. And every holiday season today in San Antonio, Mexican citizens whose ancestors began the custom in Spanish days, present in the original archaic Spanish, a traditional medieval miracle play, "Los Pastores," dealing with the shepherds who saw the star of Bethlehem and followed it.

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"Tributary Theatre" Products

THREE SOUTHWEST PLAYS. Dallas, Texas: The Southwest Review. 1942. 326 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH there are thought to to be several thousand so-called "Little Theaters" in this country, comprising what the *Theater Arts Monthly* calls the tributary theater, it is a rare occasion when one of them nourishes its own writers, and rarer yet when such fruit is at all edible. As further evidence that the Southwest, and especially the Dallas region, is a metropolitan center, that fine local quarterly, the *Southwest Review,* has modestly published a short anthology of three full-length Southwest plays.

Mr. Sam Acheson, Mr. John William Rogers, Miss Kathleen Witherspoon, and as editor, Mr. John Rosenfield, are represented in this collection. Their works evince to the professional stature of the Dallas Little Theater.

Mr. Acheson, historian of *The Dallas News,* brought to the stage a document, "We Are Besieged," which, if it falls a bit into the category of historical pageant, is nonetheless a moving and gripping work. It tells of the defense and eventual fall of *The Alamo,* and the author has delicately steered his course between drab fact and dramatic license, with the result that the legend does not suffer, as so many do, from deflation when recreated by mere humans. Writing in a subdued, restrained tone when there must have been many temptations to attempt a Maxwell Andersonish prose-poesy, Mr. Acheson has managed to capture the true essence of bravery—too few men, fighting because they have no choice but to fight, and realistically facing a sure death, but to the end appearing as ordinary flesh-and-blood-men, easily imaginable.

The second play, "Where the Dear Antelope Play," by Mr. John William Rogers, is a sprightly comedy of manners. Mr. Rogers is well known to theater groups as a facile and literate author of many one-act plays which have been widely performed by amateur groups, and the manners, in this full-length play are those of certain *nouveau riche* living in and around Dallas, although the play would lose none of its spice if performed in Buffalo. Mr. Rosenfield, in his foreword, bears out our suspicions that the characters were rather carefully modelled after certain local personalities, and it is a credit to the city that the "types" represented are visible in every other city of comparable size in the United States. It provides Dallas with sort of a "oneness" with the rest of the world.

"Jute," by Miss Kathleen Witherspoon, is the most substantial bit of dramaturgy in the collection. It was written twelve years ago, and its long memory in the minds of the editors attests the depth and scope of Miss Witherspoon's talents. Whereas the other two writers apparently wanted to tell a story of the Southwest first, and write a play second, Miss Witherspoon had in mind first and foremost a play, a play about a character, a girl named Jute. The story of the play deals with miscegenation, and is written in the shadow of O'Neill. Although the author's powers of invention wear a bit thin towards the end, the play is definitely of a superior quality, and the anthologists are to be congratulated for singling out this effort, stumbling as it may be in a few spots, as a concrete example of professionalism in the Southwest.

John Rosenfield, of *The Dallas News,* contributes a lengthy introduction, which reveals that its author has followed the fortunes of the little theater in his section of the country with a patient pride, for the obstacles that the Little Theater in Dallas has had to overcome during the past decade, as he describes them, would have driven a less articulate, less cosmopolitan group out of existence. He has never, though, tried to persuade himself that his own regional theater is better, either critically or empirically, than the commercial enterprises of Broadway. It was different, only, and the careful catering to those differences by public and writer alike have helped keep the flame alive in a sanguine and windy world.

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Oklahoma Farmer

OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM. By Angus McDonald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

JIM McDONALD was a stubborn, dogmatic, intolerant, shrewd Oklahoma preacher who spent his life about equally at what he considered the virtually impossible job of saving men's souls, and a fanatic and partially successful campaign to stop the cotton planters' destruction of the farmlands of Oklahoma.

McDonald saw that the cotton planters were destroying the earth of Oklahoma so he bought an old rocky farm to manage as a farm should be managed as an object lesson to the neighborhood. The villain of the first part of the book, aside from drought, floodburst, and the Devil is principally the Gulley which, under cotton farming, has become the parent of the whole system of gulleys which are rapidly washing away the topsoil. McDonald uses contour plowing and a system of loose rock dams to persuade the gulley to fill itself up. His second tenet is that any farm, even a cotton farm ought to supply its own cupboard and he is immensely contemptuous of "paper-bag" cooks, who pay the merchant

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a profit rather than charging him for produce.

He is successful with the practice of these theories himself, but even his example fails to move the majority of his neighbors, accustomed to paying one year's store bill with the next year's crop, farming in the easiest and most reckless way till their stripped farms go for taxes when the crops fail utterly. This is doubly distressing to Dr. McDonald because it is pretty certain that anyone who treats God's land this way will go to hell, along with bankers, Republicans, drinkers of white mule, pool players, and girls who wear trousers like men's.

The preacher was a doughty man in argument; if he stated that Bryan was right about everything and that Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest presidents because he almost prevented the beginning of banks in America, his opponent had one chance to make a brief protest; then McDonald put him down by saying that his own opinion was obviously correct because it was also, naturally, God's. This state of things was taken for granted in his household where none of his dicta on domestic matters were ever questioned, though God sometimes let the preacher down disappointingly on matters of horse training, the loading of hay, etc. In these cases, however, McDonald's judgment was not at fault—God was merely trying him. His sons, however, generally had a good notion of when God was about to try him on one of these matters.

The author's father is a good full character—incredibly irritating at times, but always consistent for better or for worse; sometimes his stubbornness is foolish but sometimes it has aspects of heroism. The book is written very simply without much pretense at literary artifice, which old Doctor McDonald would probably have deplored as a kind of dishonesty, or at least, un-Presbyterian gaudiness. But there emerges from it a strong, convincing portrait.

One-Time Cowboy

BILLY KING'S TOMBSTONE. By C. L. Sonnischsen. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1942. 233 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

HERE is another book about Tombstone—very readable but not particularly edifying! Why is it no one ever writes a book about the lovelier, nobler aspects of life in Tombstone? There were many good, able, lively, beautiful, brave, and sober men and women in Tombstone between 1879 and 1882; but you would never guess this from the endless procession of books that follow close upon each other's heels.

In "Billy King's Tombstone" we are introduced to some new characters and many old ones, as they appeared to Billy King, one-time cowboy, gambler, saloon-keeper, and deputy sheriff. I had never heard of Billy King before, but he must have been a potent and popular person in Tombstone for a decade or more. His photographs of men and women well-known in his day, many of which are reproduced in this volume, give unusual interest and value to the book. There are pictures here of a number of beautiful women and brave men never before made accessible to the public. In this connection, too, it should be said that however little edification or enlightenment concerning the cleaner and soberer view of life there may be in these pages, the facts as presented are historically true. The author values the truth; and has been careful to verify his facts. Some familiar figures—Burt Alvord, Frank Leslie, and Dick Clark, for example, are presented more fully and admirably than ever before, I think. There is, too, a certain humaneness of attitude on the part of the author toward the weak and unsavory men and women he depicts that is commendable though I think he gives too much prominence to a number of individuals who, I feel sure, did not bulk large even in their place and time.

BETWEEN SUN AND SOD by WILLIE NEWBURY LEWIS; illustrated by H. D. Bugbee. The story of the Texas Panhandle. 8vo. 244 pages....$2.75

PAGANS PRAYING by ROY A. KEECH; illustrated by Indian artist Pop Chalee; foreword by Acee Blue Eagle; 8vo. 95 pages.....$2.00

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THE SOUTHWEST IN FICTION

(*Continued from page* 13)

novel, was written on a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship.

Elizabeth Wheaton's "Mr. George's Joint" (1941) is also a first novel, and also a prize book, winner of the Thomas Jefferson Southern Award. Mr. George is a Negro *picaro* on "Tes'as City," which is not so far from Houston. The goings-on in his joint, officially known as the Big Spoon, are recounted for us joyously, no matter how earthy and a-moral they are. The dialect is convincing, and the girl Macknolia is a fine piece of character creation. Mrs. Wheaton creates Negro characters accurately and sympathetically; with the racial problem in the abstract, however, she has no concern.

George Sessions Perry's first novel, "The Walls Rise Up," came out three years ago with no great fanfare. It was a little too much in the vein of "Tortilla Flat." Recognition has justly been accorded to Mr. Perry's "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" (1941) with the National Book Award. (The Texas Institute Book Award likewise went to Mr. Perry.) This is the beautifully simple chronicle of Sam Tucker, a poor tenant farmer in the Texas river bottoms. The story is as rich as bottom land, full of the smell of the earth and the ritual of the seasons on a farm. The problems of poverty and tenant farming are present, but are subordinated, as perhaps they should always be, to the living presence of the plain man Sam Tucker. "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" is almost the first Southwestern novel to be infused with a sense of sociological awareness. What Ruth Cross and Dorothy Scarborough undertook to do by too obvious exposition, Mr. Perry has accomplished by character and action.

In a fuller discussion than this, a number of other Southwestern novels would inevitably be recalled. Among them would be Anne Pence Davis's "The Customer is Always Right" (1940), an examination of the small world inside a department store; Edwin Corle's "People on the Earth" (1937), a sympathetic portraiture of the Indians today; Sigman Byrd's "Tall Grew the Pines" (1936), a memorable pattern of small town life in East Texas; O'Kane Foster's "In the Night Did I Sing" (1942), a story of the frustrated New Mexico Spanish-Americans; and Marcus Goodrich's "Delilah" (1941).

THE vigor and greenness of all these books spring from the fact that their roots go deep into the actual life lived in the Southwest. To be sure, sometimes the authors stick overclosely to facts and so miss the universals of great art. The preponderance of hearty, surface pictures in the gallery of this fiction makes the exhibit seem somewhat naive. Only a few of the writers have been attuned to the psychological intensity of the nation's inter-bellum era. Except in the stories of Katherine Anne Porter and in the literary circles of Santa Fé and Taos there has been little sophistication. There are other limitations, too, in this fiction up to now. Even the best writers have not turned often enough to satire of major significance or to social protest. Meanwhile, another omission is also disturbing. Southwestern novels and short stories have little or no fantasy. The resources of the region are a challenge to creative workers to transmute them into whimsy and allegory.

Even so, of the three fields in which the Southwest has been most articulate—history, folk-lore, and fiction—it is fiction just now which is most alive. The historians and biographers are temporarily involved in the chaos of social change. Folk-lore awaits more writers like Mary Austin and Frank Dobie and John Lomax to harvest its riches. At the moment it is the novelists who are currently expressing the dynamic life of the Southwestern area most fully and honestly.

Mr. Talayesva

SUN CHIEF: The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian. Edited by Leo W. Simmons. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 436 *pp., appendix and index.* $4.25.

Reviewed by T. N. CAMPBELL

IN recent years social scientists have begun to realize the importance of obtaining life histories of individuals who live in societies different from our own, and as a result some very remarkable literary documents have been published. The earliest of these, first published in 1920, was Paul Radin's "Crashing Thunder: The Story of a Winnebago Indian." Much more recently two other Indian autobiographies have appeared—Walter Dyk's "The Son of Old Man Hat: A Navaho Autobiography," and Clellan S. Ford's "Smoke of Their Fires: The Life of a Kwakiutl Chief." Simmons's "Sun Chief" is a continuation of this trend,

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and in nearly every respect it is superior to its predecessors.

"Sun Chief" is the autobiography of Don C. Talayesva, who was born in 1890 at the Hopi village of Oraibi, Arizona. For the first ten years of his life Talayesva lived as a Hopi, but the next decade was spent in American schools, first on the Reservation and later at Riverside, California. In Riverside, at the age of twenty, he had an experience which changed his life. After this, to him, profoundly disturbing experience, Talayesva turned his back on Christianity and American life. Instead of becoming a white man he went home to become a true Hopi. It was not until some twenty years later that he had any further dealings with Americans. He then became an informant for several anthropologists, and eventually he was persuaded by one of them, Simmons, to tell the story of his life in the fullest detail possible. This book is a condensation of that record.

For the most part Talayesva's life, as he describes it, is not greatly different from that of many Hopi men of his generation, and to another Hopi Indian the story would probably seem commonplace. But for anyone else the book makes absorbing reading. It answers about all the questions one might ask about Hopi life and behavior.

Cow Country in Transition

COW COUNTRY. By Edward Everett Dale. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1942. 258 *pp., index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WAYNE GARD

EVEN today the color and pattern of American life are marked by traditions and ideals evolved in the era of the open range, when countless herds of longhorns grazed on the Great Plains and were sent over the Chisholm Trail to distant markets. This influence is apparent from the current popularity of cowboy suits, cowboy songs, dude ranches, melodramatic Western novels, and horse-opera movies. Fortunately, the short-lived empire built on free grass has also had its serious historians and interpreters.

In fact, some readers familiar with books by Walter Prescott Webb, Ernest Staples Osgood, Philip Ashton Rollins, and J. Frank Dobie might question the need for another general work on the range country and its human and bovine inhabitants. But Professor Dale, who acquired most of his acquaintance with the plains from a ranchman's saddle and who now heads the University of Oklahoma's history department, amply justifies the adding of another volume to this shelf.

To present a rounded story of the cow country before it gave way to "fool hoe men" with barbed wire and sod-buster plows, he naturally includes a great deal of familiar information. One can find elsewhere, for instance, much more detailed accounts of the habits of the longhorns and the men who tended them. His own contributions include an admirable chapter on cowboy humor, packed with entertaining examples, and an enlightening narration of the influence our cattle boom had in England and Scotland about sixty years ago, when Britons succumbed as readily as Americans to speculative ranching in the Great Plains, to the financial ruin of many.

He also brings out more clearly and in more detail than other writers the controversies among ranchmen, Indians, and farmers in what later became Oklahoma. In tracing the development and abolition of ranching in the Cheyenne-Arapaho Reservation, he shows the haphazard evolution of a governmental policy that brought injustices to many. His account of the Cherokee Strip Live Stock Association indicates that, without laws or courts, American pioneers could, by an organization of their own, preserve order and protect their interests surprisingly well.

Perhaps most significant of all are his closing chapters on the cow country in transition and the influence of the range industry on the nation. He shows why the downfall of open grazing was inevitable and explains how the conflict between ranchmen and farmers gradually was displaced by a more coöperative attitude. In an interpretation worthy of his teacher, Frederick Jackson Turner, he shows the effects of the unfenced cow country on food habits, transportation, farming, foreign trade, and national ideas.

Happily, Dale has not allowed a Harvard Ph. D. or a professional job to deaden his writing. Here, more than in his earlier and somewhat technical book on the range cattle industry, he aims at the general reader and makes a center hit. The cowpuncher he reveals is less lurid and less noisy than the fakes of screen and fiction but is equally fascinating and a heap more convincing.

Only a few days after the announcement of the Pulitzer award for biography to Forrest Wilson for his "Crusader in Crinoline," Mr. Wilson died at the early age of fifty-nine. The prize bestowed upon him so shortly before his death marked the culmination of a busy writing career.

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The Gentle Peon

ASHES OF GOLD. By Helen Virginia Botsford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLOYD STOVELL

THIS story could have happened only in Mexico, and it could have been written only by one familiar with the manners and speech of the Indians who live in remote mountain villages. The action begins when Porfirio Diaz becomes president and ends with the revolution which drove him from office. It is not, however, the story of the revolution, but of an isolated community of gentle ignorant peons to whom presidents and revolutions were equally unreal. Their realities were birth and death, the land, the mine, Padre Manuel, and the two masters who lived in the haciendo, Don Francisco and his cruel son Don Enrique.

Cenizas del Oro, Ashes of Gold, was an old Spanish mine which had been worked intermittently for centuries, but after the French occupation it had been for years mostly idle except for such gold as the Indians took to buy their cotton cloth and tequila. The land was theirs to use, but they cultivated only the patches of corn and beans necessary for food. When Don Francisco purchased the mine from President Diaz the land was not included, but he began to buy it with the wealth drawn from the mine, and soon he owned everything for miles around. Then the peons had to cultivate the land for his profit, receiving in wages barely enough for subsistence. As a child Don Enrique was not allowed to play with the peon children but was taught to despise them, and when he grew up he became cruel and tyrannical.

The peons bore their ill-treatment patiently until some strange men came with talk of a revolution which would restore to them their land. They were persuaded to destroy Don Enrique's crops. Later soldiers arrived and informed the people that the land was theirs again, but that the mine belonged to the government. They were puzzled by so many strange happenings, but they were happy to have again the land they loved.

The style is as simple as the characters. We see everything from their point of view, almost as if the author had translated their words and thoughts directly into English. The effect is both charming and convincing. The danger in this kind of writing is that it will become monotonous, but the author has avoided this danger by severe condensation.

The manuscript of which this novel is a revision was one of two to receive honorable mention in the Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship competition for 1941-42.

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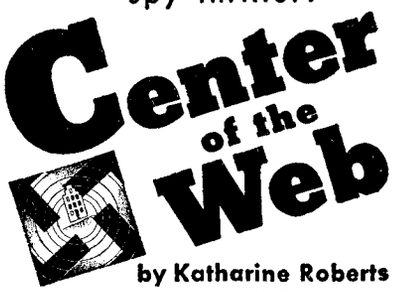


by Katharine Roberts

$2 • May CRIME CLUB Selection

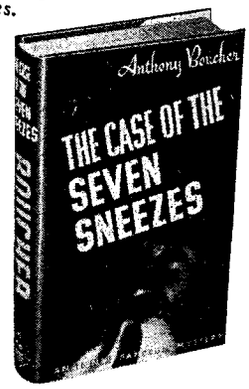
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MIDNIGHT READER *Editor: Philip Van Doren Stern* (Holt: $2.75)	Famous spine tinglers, English and American, old and new, plus good introductory essay.	Fifteen well-chosen titles with James's "Turn of the Screw" as pièce de résistance.	Good collection
THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS PLEA *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Nobly-born London bobby returns to force to solve long-cold crime, does so, and wins lovely bride.	Begins excellently, with old-time Opp. vigor, but gets pretty sugary before obliging confessions that clear up odd case.	Readable
THE THREE STAR MYSTERY BOOK *Priestley, Hilton, White* (Harpers: $2.50)	"The Old Dark House"; "Was It Murder?" and "The Wheel Spins" in one thrill-packed volume.	Notable for inclusion of Hilton's "Was It Murder?" bang-up puzzler. For "Wheel Spins" read "Lady Vanishes," which bears re-reading.	Sound value
DEATH FINDS A TARGET *Mary Fitts* (Crime Club: $2.)	Inventive Englishman shot in secluded corner of country estate. Supt. Mallett handles case.	Flawless writing and believable characters; action leisurely except for strenuous climax.	Slightly soporific

No doubt about it. Since we've been in the mystery business, we've become inhuman. Take the case of ANTHONY BOUCHER, for example. In the course of publishing his first book we made the usual ruthless exploration into his habits, hobbies and history. We found, among other things, that MR. BOUCHER is an allergy victim. Dust, powder, and about a dozen other insignificant items make him sneeze, suffocate and generally suffer unusual pain. Instead of clucking sympathetically, we said: "H'mm, interesting. You ought to work this allergy racket into a detective story."

Being a mystery writer (Remember *The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars?*), and therefore sharing our own peculiar reactions, MR. BOUCHER was intrigued rather than daunted. As proof, his latest book, just published: *The Case of the Seven Sneezes.*



Naturally, the seven sneezes are the result of an allergy. The victim is red-headed detective FERGUS O'BREEN. And the cause—cats. Valentino, the cat, started *The Case of the Seven Sneezes.* Even though he was dead, his throat neatly slit, he started it. He made FERGUS sneeze seven times. Which, in turn, brought him to the party on Blackman's Island—the silver anniversary of a wedding and a murder, where history repeated itself, quite fatally for several members of the party. Nor was it until FERGUS sneezed seven times again that he solved the murders, old and new.

So if you (*a*) periodically cough, choke, break out in bumps, or (*b*) have a compulsion to read ANTHONY BOUCHER'S most baffling mystery, the remedy is

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Archeologist's Diary

NO LIMITS BUT THE SKY. By Mary B. Kidder. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1942. 224 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CLAUDE C. ALBRITTON, JR.

MARY KIDDER is the wife of an archeologist and this book is her diary written on two archeological expeditions which she and her husband, Alfred Kidder II, made into Peru and Bolivia in 1937 and 1939. Although Mrs. Kidder herself has an enviable background in American archeology, her journal is not concerned with scientific matters, but rather with the things that happen to archeologists along their journeys. She tells about the cathedrals, museums, and homes she visited, the souvenirs she bought, a little about the Andean scenery and the monuments of Inca civilization, and a good deal about the trials and pleasures of living alongside an archeological "dig" in a small and superstitious Peruvian community. There are impressions of Lima, Trujillo, Arequipa, La Paz, and Cuzco, which are enlivened by photographic illustrations. Erwin Raisz's excellent physiographic diagram of the Inca Country is inside the cover for the reader who must have a map with his book of travel.

The first part of the book is written quite objectively. The author did not choose to reveal much about herself or about the people she met, who are likely to be simply "delightful" or "nice," provided of course they were not American tourists. The second part is warmer, with a seasoning of humor and evidence for honest understanding of the natives. Perhaps the book will be best remembered for its amusing account of difficulties with Peruvian domestics.

Mrs. Kidder's volume will naturally be read by archeologists, but it should have attraction for all those who enjoy accounts of travel of any sort. Its most lasting value may lie in its revelation of a manner of living that may befall any woman foolhardy enough to marry a man whose profession leads him off the highways away from the cities. Mary Kidder evidently could take things as they came, but any girl who would acquire a Sigma Xi key by matrimony should read her book first.

Conservation of Scholarly Journals

The American Library Association, fearing the possible reduction in the already limited supply of scholarly and scientific journals, hopes to enlist the coöperation of subscribers in preventing the sacrifice of this type of material to the pulp demand.

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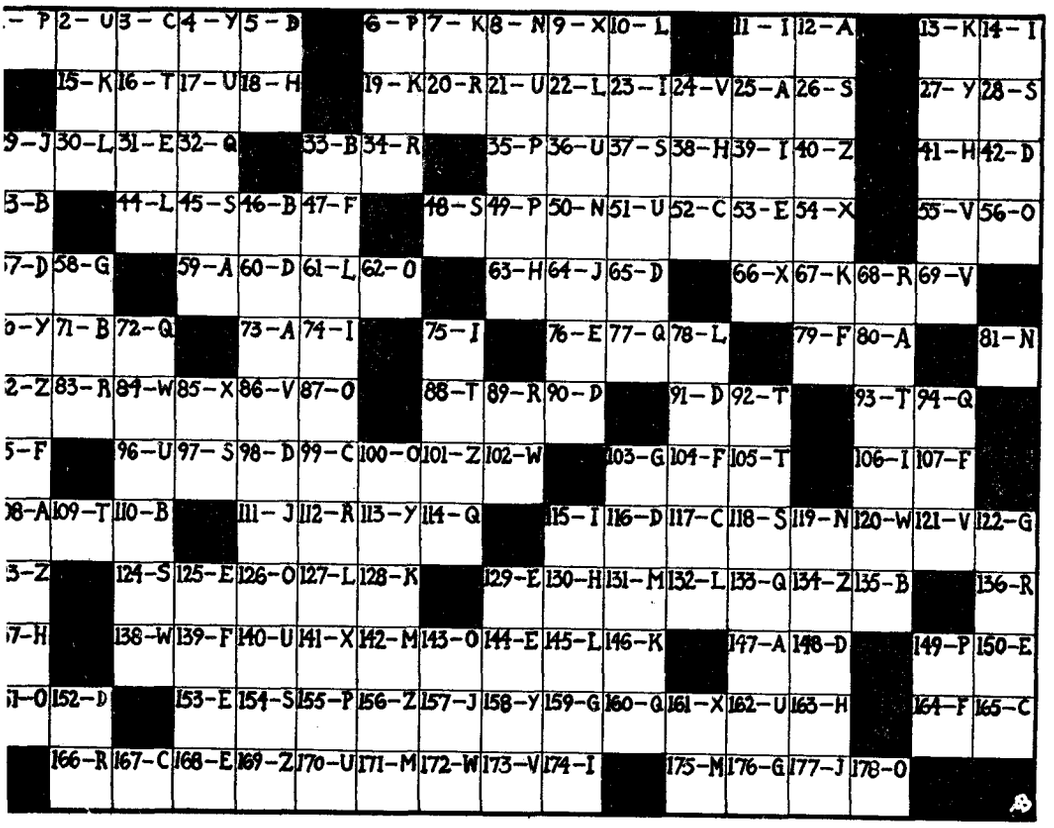

Double-Crostics: No. 425

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 28 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. French endive.

B. One who has insight.

C. A muster (comp.)

D. Drama by Ibsen (1894).

E. Unfeeling.

F. Poetic for Italy (Vergil).

G. Members of Moslem tribes of Southern Philippines.

H. Hungarian pianist in America (1853-1915).

I. Bombastic or inflated in speech.

J. A small inferior Spanish olive; a stupid person.

K. A youth just enrolled as a citizen (Anc. Athens).

L. A movement or passage of sustained tones (music).

M. American sculptor whose monuments are in Chicago and elsewhere (1860-1936).

N. A top level (colloq.)

O. An equal or equivalent.

P. Suspended animation; sluggishness.

Q. Capreolus capreolus (an animal; 2 wds.)

R. Irrationality; absurdity.

S. Friend to Antony ("Antony and Cleopatra").

T. At random; hit or miss.

U. Comedy by Ben Jonson (with *The;* 1610).

V. Fluctuating (of musical tempo).

W. General trend in fashion.

X. Correctly.

Y. Severity; harshness.

Z. To throw into disorder and confusion.

WORDS

59 73 108 25 147 12 80

33 71 135 110 46 43

99 52 165 3 117 167

116 60 91 90 98 57 5 65 42 152 148

168 53 153 150 31 76 129 144 125

95 139 47 79 107 164 104

103 159 58 176 122

63 137 38 18 130 41 163

75 14 39 174 23 74 11 106 115

111 64 157 29 177

128 19 67 146 13 7 15

127 132 22 10 145 78 30 61 44

175 142 131 171

81 50 8 119

178 56 100 143 62 151 126 87

1 6 35 155 49 149

133 77 114 32 94 72 160

89 136 83 112 68 166 20 34

26 45 97 48 37 28 118 154 124

109 92 88 105 16 93

140 51 96 2 36 17 170 21 162

86 121 24 173 69 55

84 120 138 172 102

85 141 161 54 9 66

4 158 27 70 113

134 123 169 82 40 101 156

The Crostics Club

SARAH COIT DAY of Hartford and William A. Carey, S. J. of Weston College, Weston, Mass., in appreciative letters, call my attention to two serious errors in the quotation from Alice Meynell, D. C. No. 411: *wave-trimmed* for *wave-rimmed* and *loveliness* for *loneliness*. Miss Day refers to the errors as distortion by "emending unfairly" the original.

In contrition let me say that the errors were due to mis-reading my own script copied months before, and as my version seemed to make sense I did not stop to question or verify.

Truly, I take no deliberate liberties that might alter the sense or hurt the literary value of the selection. To fit the space at my disposal or to get from the quotation the letters needed for the Acrostic, I am sometimes obliged, most reluctantly, to omit consecutive words or lines or to make other adjustments. The puzzle "Mission to Moscow" contained what I considered a basic thought, but it had no needed *j* in it. So I took the liberty of changing *exact* to its synonym *just,* without affecting in the least its sense or literary value. Similarly I have used a *but* for a badly needed *b* or changed a *which* to a *that* (when it really was more correct!). Seldom have I sinned more deeply. After hours of research, in order to avoid hackneyed quotation, it's trying, to say the least, to be obliged to throw overboard a good thought when a slight adjustment without affecting meaning or style fits it to my purpose.

Once a puzzler berated me roundly for skipping about in a quotation from "King John" (to find the two *k's* and the *j* I needed). The lines were spoken by the same character and were on the same subject. I wondered whether the puzzler, having found one line, hoped to help herself to the rest without more ado and was aggrieved thereby at not finding the other lines consecutive!

Occasionally, however, authors amend their own works in later editions, or publishers take liberties. This latter is especially true of sixteenth or seventeenth century ones. Protests from puzzlers I have been able to answer on these grounds. I recall a bit of family research years ago concerning those lines from Gray's "Elegy":

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

A brother's school-edition had *awaits.* That put a new and plausible construction on the lines, making *the inevitable hour,* the subject of the verb; whereas the form *await* makes all that comes before it the subject, and *the inevitable hour* the object. Needless to say research favored *await.*

E. S. K.

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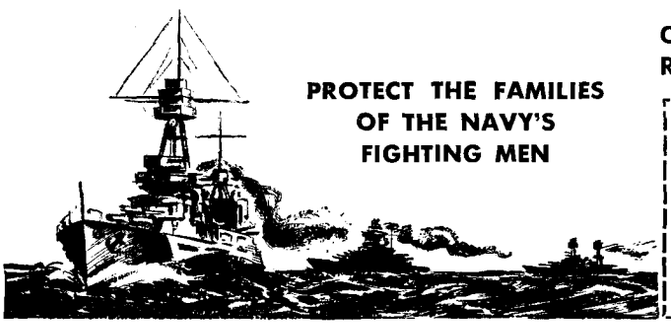

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